

The Enterprise.

VOL. 2.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

NO. 37.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:26 A. M. Daily except Sunday.	
9:14 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
4:13 P. M. Daily.	
6:56 P. M. Daily.	
SOUTH.	
7:34 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:02 P. M. Daily except Sunday.	
6:00 P. M. Sundays Only.	
7:00 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:20	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE. CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abasco, south San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, 9:30 to 10:30 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North. 9:40 a. m. 3:10 p. m.

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5 South. 9:10 a. m. 3:10 p. m.
No. 14 North. 9:40 a. m. 3:10 p. m.
No. 18 South. 9:40 a. m. 3:10 p. m.
No. 6 North. 9:40 a. m. 3:10 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday, in Grace Church, Morning Services at 11 a. m., two Sundays in each month, and Evening Services at 7:30 p. m. two Sundays in each month, alternating. See local column. Sunday School at 3:15 p. m. Regular Choir practice every Friday evening at 7:45 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

Lodge San Mateo No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' Protective and Benevolent Association, will meet every Tuesday at 8 p. m., at Brewery Hall.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
G. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

DEEDS.

Sarah Thorne to T. E. Edwards, lots 6 and 7, block 16, 875-Lot Homestead.	5
T. E. Edwards to John J. McEwen, same.	10
Harry E. Swift, C. P. Swift and John C. Swift to Bertha Bartels, lots 1 and 8, blk 21, and lot 4, block 22, City Ext'n Home'd.	10
Manuela C. de Miramontes to Clara R. Miramontes, Cristobal F. Miramontes, Carlotta R. Miramontes, Maria L. Miramontes and Carlos H. Miramontes, 149 acres.	400
Benjamin Marshall to Hannah Jensen, lot in San Mateo.	400
John C. Spencer and wife to Frederick Elliott, lot 2, block 8, School-House Extension Homestead.	10
George W. Chapin and wife to Walter V. Kellogg, block 49, Abbey Homestead.	10
Occidental Land and Improvement Co. to Geo. A. Newhall, 3 acres.	10
G. Howard Thompson to Clara W. Stevenson, lot 16, Polhemus Tract.	10
Peter S. Carr et al to Mrs. John F. Kennedy, lot 10, Beresford Park.	10
MORTGAGES.	
Peninsula Lighting Company to John L. Howard, mortgage bonds.	\$15000
Alonso Rodriguez and Jose Rodriguez to Levy Bros., crop mortgage.	600
Cosara Lavagnino to G. Lavagnino, chattel mortgage.	600
Silas McLean and Julia A. Murphy McLean to L. S. Cavallaro, 100 acres.	300
Martin Kelly to H. S. Pitcher, lots 285 and 286, Mission-St. Extension Homestead.	300
Frederick Elliott to John C. Spencer, lot 2, block 8, School-House Land Ass'n.	200
Howard G. Stevenson and wife to Hibernia Savings and Loan Society, lot 16, Polhemus Tract.	450
Wm. Holder to Redwood Parlor No. 66, N. S. G. W., lot 11 and north 25 feet of lot 12, Redwood City.	500
William A. Cooper to Fred Brown, lot 19, block 148, South San Francisco.	200

The shaft on the Black Oak mine at Sausalville is now down 900 feet and forty men are employed. The vein is from six to twelve feet in width and the twenty stamp mill is kept busy on ore that averages \$10 per ton. The company is taking out considerable sulphureted ore, which goes about \$900 to the ton. This ore is broken up, sacked and shipped below for treatment.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information Gathered Around the Coast.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

A Summary of Late Events That Are Boiled Down to Suit our Busy Readers.

The operations for more public water at Colton have interfered with the private supply from many artesian wells and litigation is likely to follow over the matter.

Articles of incorporation of the Emporium and Golden Rule Bazaar have been filed in the office of the County Clerk at San Francisco. The capital stock is \$500,000.

County Assessor Ortman has completed the assessment of San Joaquin county, and the total foots up \$32,605,388. The franchise valuations have been raised \$478,759.

A sandstone company of Flagstaff has received an order for over 1000 carloads of stone to be used in the construction of the High School building in San Francisco.

McDaniel's lumber and shingle mill, near Whatcom, Wash., burned recently; also the dryhouse and 550,000 shingles. The loss on the plant is about \$4000 partially insured.

Father Clark, the founder of the Christian Endeavor Society, was present at the convention in San Francisco. He was assigned to beautifully decorated apartments in the Palace Hotel.

The affairs of the gigantic lumber trust in San Francisco have been settled at 85 cents on the dollar, and the big concern, which was known as the Central Lumber Company, has gone out of business.

Assessor Siebe of San Francisco has filed his report, showing a total assessment of \$345,335,469, of which \$67,013,184 is personal property, \$90,685,740 on improvements and \$187,636,545 is on land.

The Washington gold mine at Julian, San Diego county, which was reopened a few months ago after lying idle many years, is in good ore and employs a larger force of men than any mine in that section.

The handsome residence on the Tyler ranch two miles from Tehama, Cal., has been burned. The house cost \$40,000. The contents also were destroyed with the exception of a piano and other articles of furniture.

The Southern Pacific brought from Ogden in eight days 74 trains, with 835 cars, bearing 24,000 people. By the other Southern Pacific routes 16,000 more have come, making 40,000 Endeavorers and cheap-rate people in all.

The search for natural gas at the County Hospital at Stockton has been a failure. Though a flow of 10,000 feet of gas per day has been secured, the contractor stated that he would be unable to go lower for a greater supply.

J. W. Congdon, a California botanist, has donated to Stanford University a large collection of plants. They were gathered in Europe and the eastern part of America, and include many rare and choice specimens. The collection is valued at \$1500.

One of the new oil wells near Fullerton exploded one night recently. The flames shot up 200 feet. The damage amounted to \$1000. Over seven hundred acres of grain have been destroyed by fire in Butte county. The wheat was insured for about one-third of its value.

E. B. Raymond, a wheelman of Olympia, Wash., recently broke the record of time for the road run between Tacoma and Olympia, making the trip from the capital city to Tenth street and Tacoma avenue in one hour and fifty-four minutes. He pedaled over the course proscribed for the Olympia and intercity medals.

There is great excitement in Ukiah over the fact that Dr. E. W. King, medical superintendent of the Mendocino State Insane Asylum, has refused to deliver the keys of that institute over to Dr. W. N. Moore, who was appointed to succeed the present incumbent at a meeting of the board of directors held something over a month ago.

S. W. Wible, general superintendent for "Cattle King" Henry Miller, has discovered a daring plot to kidnap Miller, compel him to sign a \$25,000 check, hold him while one of the party cashed the check and then escape to Mexico. The best saddle stock in the country had been selected by the abductors, and a deserted camp on the further side of Buena Vista swamp was the spot where Miller was to be held.

Millions of young grasshoppers have suddenly made their appearance in the western part of Nevada county, and are causing fearful devastation to gardens, orchards and ranches. The pests were first noticed in the vicinity of Bridgeport. Whence they came

from is not known. They are eating every green thing before them, and wherever they have been scenes of destruction are most disheartening to ranchers and other property-owners.

The Traders' Bank of Tacoma has paid another dividend of 20 per cent, which makes 75 cents on the dollar thus far paid by the receiver. The other dividends were 10, 20, 10, 10 and 5, and aggregate about \$360,000. The \$90,000 assessment on stockholders has been nearly all paid up, the stockholders themselves bidding in the assets of the bank at receiver's sale at \$90,000.

At last a satisfactory settlement has been made by the Puget Sound National Bank of Everett, Wash., with the county. The bank paid over to the county \$5037.30 in cash, and turned over a burglar-proof safe and the bank fixtures to the county, valued at \$2450. This makes a total of \$7487.30, which was accepted in settlement of a claim of \$12,487.30. This releases the bondsmen of the bank from all liability.

The point as to whether one county can sue another has been decided by the Supreme Court at San Francisco in an action brought by Colusa county against Glenn county to recover \$1,622.72, alleged to have been wrongfully withheld at the time the new county of Glenn was created. The court upheld Section 4 of the County Government Act, which declares that a county has the right to sue and be sued.

Three San Franciscans who claim title to a tract of land containing 2,000,000 acres in the best part of Lower California, are now in San Diego. They are William McCrindle, J. M. Porter and C. R. Dray, all wealthy men, and at present in that city en route home from a trip of inspection of the property. They claim a direct title by deed from the original grantees and their successors. The land, however, is at present claimed by the Mexican Land and Town Company. Mr. McCrindle will go to the City of Mexico to see about the matter.

CONGRESSIONAL NOTES.

The relations between the Secretary of State and the Japanese Minister have become strained over the Hawaiian annexation treaty.

A petition signed by 103,000 citizens of Chicago, protesting against the proposed increase of the tax on beer, has been presented in the Senate.

In the Senate Mills made two unsuccessful efforts to have books placed on the free list. The amendment to tax stock and bond transfers was adopted without even a record-making vote.

F. B. Scribner has been appointed Postmaster at Miami, Mariposa county. A commission as Postmaster has been issued to Charles H. Brethren Shasta. The postoffice at Idlewild, San Bernardino county, has been discontinued.

Winnings were made with an advance of the rate of duty on coconut oils to 3½ cents per pound with the classification with cocoa butter. This with free copra will give to San Francisco the making of most of the coconut oils. At the same time it will give a revenue of \$2,000,000.

The Senate Committee on Military Affairs has decided upon an adverse report in the promotion of Lieutenant Colonel Henry E. Noyes of the Second Cavalry, nominated by the President to be Colonel. The charge made against Colonel Noyes is that of his failing to meet his financial obligations.

The Senate has confirmed the following nominations: Hiram C. Truesdale of Arizona, to be Chief Justice and the following named to be Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of Arizona: G. R. Davis, F. M. Doane, R. E. Sloane, Francis B. Loomis of Ohio, to be Minister to Venezuela; W. W. Rockhill of the District of Columbia, to be Minister to Greece.

LATE NEWS NOTES.

Some very rich float was recently found near Mill Villa, and some brisk prospecting is being done in search of the original home of the gold-laden quartz.

Colonel James Andrews, one of the most prominent mechanical engineers of the country, died recently at his home in Allegheny, Pa., of Bright's disease. Colonel Andrews was associated with Captain James Edas in the construction of the Mississippi jetties and St. Louis bridge. He was 60 years of age.

Secretary Long has decided to begin immediately the use of a large portion of the naval appropriation for the repair of warships. Under the direction of Chief Constructor Hichborn work will be resumed actively on several war vessels at the New York and Mare Island navy-yards, which have been waiting for necessary funds in order to prepare them for service. It is reported that 400 clothing contractors of New York have closed their doors, thereby throwing 1,500 tailors out of employment.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME.

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country

MENTIONED IN THESE PARAGRAPHS.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest Our Readers Both Old and Young.

The State law prohibiting gambling in Montana is now in effect.

Fighting the high water during the recent flood cost the city of New Orleans \$171,000, which was much less than was expected.

The Matthews cotton mill, at Selma, Ga., employing 300 persons, is about to be sold to a wealthy negro. He will employ negro operatives.

The question of holding a Pan-American Congress in Chicago is being discussed by business men and the newspapers. The plan will probably be adopted.

Wall street in New York is terribly aroused over the proposed tax on stock and bonds. "This Populistic attack on Wall street is outright demagoguism," says Henry Clews.

The cruisers San Francisco and Raleigh are bound for Tangier, where they are to coerce the Emperor of Morocco into punishing the assailants of American citizens.

The wine shipments to New Orleans are about 300,000 gallons a month, and at the cut of 15 cents a gallon the war means a loss of \$45,000 a month to the California industry at that point alone.

A freight train on the Boston and Maine road ran into a washout at Poots' Brook, Wells River, Vt., Engineer Lennon, Fireman Rebbles and brakeman Lange were killed; 200 feet of track had gone.

The Clarendon Hotel, two houses and two barns have been destroyed by fire at Melville, Mass. Two tenement houses were badly damaged. Daniel Keogh, Jr., was fatally injured. The total property loss is \$80,000.

An inter-urban car for Saginaw crashed through the iron bridge near Bay City, Michigan, carrying seven passengers into the water. An unknown woman and three children were drowned. The draw was swung.

According to the Immigration Bureau, the number of immigrants that arrived in this country during the eleven months ended May 3d was 210,271, a decrease as compared with the same period last year of 105,038.

John W. Whetstone, late secretary of the City Water Works Department, of Cincinnati, has been indicted for embezzlement of \$20,000 of water works funds. Whetstone has been a leading politician and office-holder for years.

The management of the Broadway Central Hotel in New York has inaugurated a profit-sharing system among its employees. Beginning on the 1st inst. the employees will receive a one-third share of the profits in addition to their wages.

In twenty-eight years Harvard College has received in gifts of money, lands and buildings an aggregate of \$9,209,703, the cash gifts amounting to \$7,839,703, or an average of \$28,000,000 from gifts of money alone during the coming century.

It has long been the boast of the British that the sun never sets on the Queen's dominions. It is equally true that the sun never sets on the United States. When it is 6 p. m. on Attou's Island, Alaska, it is 9:30 a. m. of the following day at Eastport, Maine.

Alvin Dilaway, son of President C. O. Dilaway of the Mechanics' National Bank of Boston, committed suicide. In competitive examination young Dilaway received an appointment to West Point, but was expelled for a breach of the rules before his course was completed.

A shipment of sixty tons of butter arrived from New York recently, at Vancouver, B. C., in refrigerator cars and will be forwarded to Sydney by the Warrimoo. This is the first shipment of American butter sent to Australia, though a quantity of Australian butter has been received at Vancouver.

Within seventy-two hours four buildings and loan associations, whose estimated assets and liabilities foot up over a million and a quarter dollars, went to the wall in Louisville, Ky., finding it impossible to conduct business under the recent decision of the Court of Appeals in regard to the legal rate of interest. The Kentucky and Citizens' Building and Loan Associations assigned with assets and liabilities of \$212,000, both from the same cause. At the offices of all the building and loan companies in the State the greatest uneasiness prevails, and the stockholders are hourly giving notice of withdrawals. It is the general opinion among local financiers that the building and loan business has suffered its death blow in Kentucky.

J. L. WOOD,

Carpenter and General Jobbing Work.

Estimates Made, Plans Drawn.

Orders Solicited.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways,

Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for

Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand

and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Office and Stables, Lux Avenue,

South San Francisco, Cal.

The Linden House

Board by the Day or Week at Reasonable Rates : : : Rooms Single or in Suits.

NO BAR.

Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

H. J. VANDENBOS,

Proprietor.

0 0 0 0 0 0 0

HARNESS SHOP

On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds of Work on Harness and Saddles Done Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

H. J. VANDENBOS.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hav, Grain and Feed. ++ ++

Wood and Coal. ++ ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING.

Moderate Charges. Prompt Service.

LINDEN AVENUE,

Between Armour and Juniper Avenues

Leave Orders at Postoffice.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Casserley's Seven-Mile House,)

SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries . and . Merchandise . Generally.

—O—

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

—O—

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than city prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE,

206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL :: MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.

:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand.....and.....San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

The man most willing to accept an encore is the one who is permitted to renew his note.

The financial outlook for next season is brighter than usual. Neither the De Reszkes nor Mme. Calve will return next year.

Experts on insanity say that lunatics get along better when they work. Other people are also often benefited by that remedy.

The fate of that Ohio boy who "has a bark like a dog" is not so desperate as it might have been. Suppose he had a bark like an oak.

"What others say of you is ever so much better than what you say about yourself," remarks a New York advertising expert. That depends.

The New York World is reviving that old question, "Is marriage a failure?" Why not save time by sending a reporter to interview Lillian Russell?

A dispatch says that an Oklahoma man has been arrested for "having one wife too many." A great many reputable, law-abiding citizens have that.

Yvette Guilbert explains to an interviewer that "at last she has found an ideal husband." This is too bad; a real one would have suited her much better.

"Owney," the postal tramp dog, has been killed again. This intelligent animal, from the special correspondent's standpoint, appears to be the legitimate successor of the air ship.

The Philadelphia Inquirer cites an instance of a man who "was struck by lightning and rendered unconscious in Pennsylvania over twenty years ago." Well, he'll probably stay in that State forever.

Year after year every large city in the country has a chrysanthemum show, and yet no one has discovered a way to utilize that cabbage-like blow-out for slaw purposes. Is Yankee genius decadent?

Some thoughtful genius down East has invented a "sanitary Bible" which may safely be kissed in court. What is needed, however, is some invention which will lead to a more general use of the old-fashioned Bible.

Several medical men in London claim to have discovered an instance in which a young man over there actually "thought himself to death." There is very little likelihood that the disease ever will become epidemic in London.

A Texas girl in a 50-cent shirt waist is undoubtedly one of the most attractive sights on the face of the earth.—Dallas News.

Always excepting one of our girls, of course, in any old kind of a shirt waist.

A New York wife has secured a divorce because her husband "kissed her in a cold and matter of fact manner." Gotham husbands henceforth who want to be on the safe side should boil their osculation as well as their drinking water.

It is often said that "troubles are friends in disguise;" but this can only be so when we know how to avail ourselves of their aid. When we do not know how to do so, it may easily happen that through the darkness in which they enshroud us no ray of light can pierce, and out of the bitterness no sweetness can arise.

A Chicago judge has just compelled a man to pay alimony to his divorced wife's second husband. She got her decree and \$300 alimony, and two days later married the second man. When she died the alimony had not been paid, and the new husband, as her only heir, sued his predecessor for the unpaid alimony, and got it.

Words of cheer are words of help; words of gloom are words of harm. There is a bright side and a dark side to every phase of life and to every hour of time. If we speak of the bright side, we bring the brightness into prominence; if we speak of the dark side, we deepen its shadows. It is in our power to help or to hinder by a word any and every person with whom we come into contact.

A minister at Larchmont, N. Y., has obtained a divorce in North Dakota, on the grounds that his wife was cruel. He charges among other things that she was given to playing golf on other than ladies' days, that she did not wear her hat on straight and that her walk was bad form. All these things disturbed his state of mind and were, therefore, cruel. The bonds were severed, and he is now at liberty to compose his sermons unvexed by the thought that his wife, with a rakishly poised hat and a swagger walk, is out on the golf links putting the caddy in a hole or a hole in the caddy, or whatever the expression may be.

Before the Emperor William can turn the hands of the clock of the centuries to suit himself he must smother all the printing presses, close all the universities, colleges and schools and put prohibitive tariffs not only upon knowledge but also upon commerce itself. For in every hold and in every freight car there are the hardy seeds of nine-

teenth century democracy. Clearly the time is at hand when the Emperor must either stop the German people from thinking or begin to think himself.

Ambrose Bierce, the California war horse, appears to have been fouled by some careless book reviewer, for he sweetly remarks that "the regulation bookhacker is the anile, insulse, nugacious and hebetudinous fabrication of some celestial futillarian who, sleeping through the six days of creation, awoke to a sluggish activity on the seventh, grabbed the first gob of mud that came to hand, fashioned it into an amorphous Thing, and finding all existing beasts subject to Man bespoken for it a narrow dominion over the tardy mule." Now, will the critics be good!

A curious instance of the effect of a name on the prosperity of a town is reported from Florida. A place there known as Macon remained at a standstill and seemed to be practically dead until one day its name was changed to Trilby, and since that time its growth has been phenomenal. It will be a wanton waste of a valuable mascot, however, if this Florida town is allowed to monopolize the population giving resources of the new name. New York is striving by every means in its power to hold first place among American cities and happens also to be in need of a new name. Why not make arrangements to transfer this Florida name? Why not call New York "Trilby"?

The "new" clergymen are going too far. One of these in New Jersey has put a photograph in his church and uses it to save himself from the trouble of praying, reading selections from the Bible and asking the divine blessing upon the congregation. He has dismissed the soloists of the choir and the congregation is now regaled by phonographic reproductions of the voices of great singers in sacred music. Logically carried out, this would result in the dismissal of the preacher himself and the substitution of Edison's invention. Then the worshippers, at a nominal cost per month, could listen to the greatest clergymen of the world and would be relieved of the necessity of pound parties and other drains upon the purse.

The liquor license law of Pomona, Cal., raises saloon-keeping into something of a high art. Only two saloons are allowed and each proprietor is obliged to pay in advance a license fee of \$1,000 and put up a bond of \$5,000, to be forfeited if he fails to obey all the restrictions of the law. The saloons must front on the streets, must consist of only one room, and half of the front must be plain glass unobstructed by screens. Only one chair is allowed and that is for the barkeeper, who must be a personage of distinction. He is obliged to obtain the official approval of the City Council before he can accept the responsibilities of the position. That would not mean much in Chicago, but in Pomona the Council sanction is a badge of respectability. There are many other minor restrictions which make it necessary for a man in search of a drink to pass a sort of civil service examination, while the dispenser is justified in assuming the dignified demeanor of a university alumnus.

The exposition which the people of Tennessee have created to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the State should be a source of national as well as local pride. Those who have been familiar with all the great fairs which have been held in this country place none but the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 ahead of the one now open in Nashville. The Philadelphia centennial and the expositions of New Orleans, Atlanta and San Francisco all stand second to this. The fact that President McKinley recognized the importance of the event, and journeyed from Washington with his cabinet and personal party indicates the national character of the fair. Buildings erected by many of the States of the Union and the splendid exhibits from all parts of the country are supplemented by surprisingly pretentious displays from foreign countries. So much for the quality of the fair. It is not failing of recognition. The people of the Southern and border States are flocking to Nashville in special trains over all lines. Northern visitors attend in large numbers and receive a cordial welcome. As to immediate finance, the directors take pride in the fact that within three weeks after the opening of the gates, while much was still incomplete, they began the payment of their debenture bonds, and there is every prospect that the close of the season will show a profit over all expense.

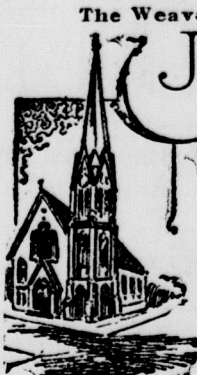
Southern Forests Disappearing.
In Georgia, Florida, Alabama and other Southern States the grand old forests of pine are rapidly disappearing. The destroyers seem to have no thought of the future. They make no steps to replace that which they take away. The influence of forests upon rainfall, moisture and seasons is pretty well understood. The point has been reached at which it is necessary that something should be done to put a stop to forest destruction. If steps to that end are not taken it will not be a great while before this section will suffer a succession of drouths, floods and severe storms. There should be some way of preserving the forests for the general good. Our people are selling their birthright for a mess of pottage. It is well enough that lands should be cleared up for settlement, but millions of acres of forests are disappearing every year, and very little is coming in to compensate for the loss.—Savannah News.

Some people laugh like amateur singers trying to run the scales.

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Words of Wisdom, and Thoughts Worth Pondering Upon Spiritual and Moral Subjects—Gathered from the Religious and Secular Press.



The Weaver's Shuttle.
OB, ranked by Carlyle among the elect minds of the earth, likened his days to a weaver's shuttle. For him life was a loom, the warp God's thought, the woof man's thought, ideals were patterns, the days and their duties were flying shuttles thrown by man's will and purpose. Oft the weaving seems to go without much pain, full oft the pattern seems blotted and obscure, having little purpose or beauty. But the poet comforts himself with the thought that he beholds the tapestry from the wrong side, while on the right side sits an unseen weaver for whom each thread is interpreted by the pattern. Looking up toward the model, he selects the thread that shall repeat the gold or scarlet of the glowing pattern. As in the famous Gobelins factory the weavers have for copy the most glorious pictures from the Louvre, and with long patience and with great skill so interlace the silken colors as to bring out the lines and lineaments of heroes and angels and of divinity itself, so God through birth and events sketches the outline, and men are to use the details of life to fill it up, until the texture of character stands forth with a value beyond the wealth of princes. For the moment the weaving may seem strange to men, and oft for the poet the threads are as heavy with tears as the grass with rain and dew. But remembering that the dark threads serve for beauty not less than light threads, the poet suggests that the shuttle of sorrow may be as necessary to man as the shuttle of joy. Musing upon the weaver and his loom, Job reminds us that a great life is made up of little deeds, just as the finest tapestry represents many interlacing threads; just as the harvest with its wide-spread abundance is made up of separate wheat-stalks; just as the symphony represents many intermingling notes. The weaving shuttle tells us more than can all the libraries about the mystery of life, bright with its visions of angels, glorious with the divinity that shapes our ends, dark also with clouds and darkness that surround God's plans, while afar off is the unveiling of ends and purposes "that do not now appear."—Newell Dwight Hillis.

"Ye Scamp, W. Penn."
Mrs. Juliet S. Riley of Muncie, Ind., has in her possession a letter written by Cotton Mather, one of the first governors of the colony of Massachusetts, to John Higginson. It is dated Boston, 1682, and was handed down to Mrs. Riley from her ancestors, who were Puritans, residing in New England. The epistle is probably the oldest document of its kind in the country, the Indianapolis News says. Its full text is as follows:
Sep 3rd 1682.—To ye aged and beloved John Higginson. There be now at sea a skipper (for our friend Esaias Holdcroft of London did advise me by the last packet that it would sail some time in August) called ye Welcome. R. Green was master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them.
Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to master Malachi Huxtell of ye brig Porpoise to waylay ye said Welcome as near ye coast of Codd as may be, and make captives of ye Penn, and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified, and not mocked of ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshippe of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme, and sugar. We shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing the Wicked but shall make zayne for his ministers and people. Yours in the bowels of Christ.
COTTON MATHER.

Old-Time Ministerial Salaries.
The Evangelist has a pathetic article about the poor pay of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, in Stockbridge, Mass. This was in the days when Congregationalism was established by law, and the town had to provide for the support of the ministry. At a town meeting February 22, 1750, it was voted that "in case Rev. Jonathan Edwards should settle with them in the work of the ministry," he should receive the sum of six pounds thirty shillings and four pence; about thirty-five dollars lawful money. Besides this, he was to have 100 sleigh-loads of firewood, of which the Indians were to furnish eighty and the white settlers twenty, which they were to chop in the woods and draw on sleds to his dwelling-house. This was not all, however, that Mr. Edwards received. He was to have a place to live, and plenty of ground on which he could raise vegetables and whatever was necessary. All kinds of live stock in those days were very cheap, judged by our standards. "It is interesting, however," says the Christian Advocate, "to compare the money part of his salary with that of Bishop Asbury and the other preachers of an early day. According to the records the amount he received per annum was \$64, and up to the time of his death in 1816 he never rose beyond that sum."
Times have changed since then. Some things were much cheaper then than

now, while others were much dearer; but we have a lingering suspicion that if the men who to-day profess to believe as did Edwards and Asbury, should preach as they did, practice as they did, work as they did, it is doubtful if they would get larger salaries than those eminent laborers received; and as for Paul, who preached a far purer gospel than either of them, his salary was probably as much smaller as his preaching was better than theirs.

A Lesson of Self-Control.
An eminent Scotch divine was in his youth regarded by the villagers where he was brought up as a "gay, wild lad." One day he jumped into an old woman's garden and commenced to pluck the berries off the bushes. The old woman gave chase, whereupon he leaped the dyke, and was soon scudding up the road, the old woman yelling after him: "Ye lang-legged deevil! I'll sort ye for this yet."
Years after he took the degree of LL. D., and, preaching in his native village, he observed the old lady in the congregation. At the close of the service he sent the deacon to say he desired to speak to her. After some talk she inquired the meaning of the "LL. D." after his name.
"Oh," said he, with a waggish look in his eye, "do you not remember dubbing me that yourself on the day I plundered your garden?"
The words came back to the old woman's mind, and with a gleam of horror on her face, she retired, exclaiming, "Well, I never!" and mentally resolved she would be more guarded with her tongue in the future.—London Telegraph.

Peaceful Be.
Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be;
When a chastening hand restrains thee,
Peaceful be;
It is His will.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness,
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.
Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand;
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill,
Lying still.
Like an infant if thou thinkest
Thou canst stand,
Childlike, proudly pushing back
The offered hand;
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear,
In His love, if thou abide,
He will guide.

What Is a Christian?
It is certainly remarkable that the word "Christian" occurs only three times in the New Testament. The names "disciples," "believers" and "brethren," though used so often, have been almost displaced by this latest word. It may have been coined by scoffing heathenism. It is none the less apt. No other name so brings out the central personage of the gospel, and the fact of our vital relation to Him. A Christian is partaking of Christ's sufferings. Usually men who look into His claims upon their services stand aghast at this fact. We have no right to minimize it. Jesus bore His cross, and if we will be His disciples, we must bear our cross and follow Him. The only thing to do with the cross is to carry it. By doing so, we may in time discover that there is inspiration in it.

Humility.
There are few graces more beautiful—and shall we say more rare?—than the grace of humility. Often in companies of men the one who has the best thought and keenest judgment is one not seen or heard, while some other member of the group occupies its constant attention with vaporings that are more noisy than profound. The one is humble and must be driven into the public gaze; the other is self-assertive and needs to be taught the virtue of silence. The world is not often deceived, and the strong man, though quiet and retiring, wins the highest measure of success.

Hot Shot by Moody.
Zion's Herald has a four-column article on Christian Science from one of its correspondents, in which it is claimed that its philosophy, its theology, its interpretation of Scripture, its theory of healing, are all false and misleading. Rev. Dr. Gumbart is the author of the article.
From the cathedral tower of Antwerp eighty bells have, for over 200 years, rung out the grandest music for the benefit of the people living on the green fields which border the Scheldt. Once a year, in the month of February, the authorities select the music and the organ plays every hour from the old masters of Christian song.

The ceremony of canonization of two new saints, which has just been witnessed in Rome, appears to have been exceptionally beautiful and impressive, but it is enormously expensive. It is recalled that Prince Falconieri, who wished to bear the entire expense of the canonization of one of his ancestors, almost ruined himself, and after the ceremony called his children to him, saying: "My dear ones, be angels as much as you like, but never saints; it costs too much."

A REMARKABLE MEMORY

Was That Displayed by the Vice President of the Confederacy.

Alexander H. Stephens, vice president of the Confederacy and Governor of Georgia, had a remarkable memory, says Col. C. W. Seidell, who was for a long time his private secretary. Once, says the Colonel, when we were in Washington, a big delegation visited the city to urge Dakota's claims to Statehood.

The delegates sent word to the distinguished Georgian that they would call on him at his hotel, and at the appointed time they filed into his parlor and were introduced.

As Mr. Stephens was at that time disabled by a fall he sat in his rolling chair in the middle of the room and held a running conversation with his visitors. There were about a hundred Dakotans present, stalwart, handsome men, representing the best type of Western manhood.

After they had sampled some fine old Georgia corn whisky their host discussed the matters in which they were most interested, and occasionally addressed one of the strangers personally, naming him as he spoke.

During the evening he singled out in this way at least twenty of his guests, and astonished us all by his ready recollection of names and faces. Every man in the crowd got the idea into his head that something striking or attractive in his personality had favorably impressed the little man in the rolling chair, and I could see that the delegates were delighted with their reception.

When they had bowed themselves out I asked Mr. Stephens how he managed to hold so many names and faces in his memory.

"Oh it is a mere trick," he replied. "I simply concentrated my attention upon about twenty names and faces, and as they were scattered around the room it naturally surprised my visitors when I turned to them and addressed them by name. Of course, it caused every man to believe that he had deeply impressed me."

Business Vicissitudes.

The annals of commerce are not entirely without a spice of romance. There is a little retributive justice that savors of the novelist's art in the way the spoiler is sometimes spoiled in business relations. In an article entitled "Made in Japan," the Pall Mall Gazette shows how nations have encroached upon one another's business, and reaped for a time a rich harvest, only to see the same tactics employed by a rival people, and be forced to stand aside while the trade slipped from their hands into the keeping of another nation.

In old times the Dutch, by importing English clay, made a good profit out of imitations of Chinese porcelain, and presently the Dutch product became world as Delft ware.
But as the Dutchman was no more secure in his profitable trade than had been his predecessor, the Chinaman. The English potters took to copying the Dutch patterns, and sold their pottery much cheaper, and the north of England became headquarters for the Delft china.

Again, however, the spoiler has been spoiled. Of late the Japanese have made themselves masters of the art of reproducing the patterns best liked in England, and have begun to encroach on the domain long monopolized by the English potter. The Japanese product is finer and stronger, and above all cheaper than the best English ware, and Japan is providing the markets with goods which were originally a Chinese monopoly.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson.



This is the singer whom Antonio Terry, the wealthy Cuban, has frequently announced his intention to marry as soon as the divorce court released him from Mrs. Terry. As this event has come to pass in the shape of a decree issued by the French courts no legal barrier now stands in the way. Miss Sanderson has won distinction on the operatic stage, and is at present singing in St. Petersburg, where rumor says she is receiving much attention from the Czar. When she becomes Mrs. Terry she will not need to sing, as her husband to be is reputed to be worth between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

A Trick of the Trade.

First Paris Artist—V'y you put zat salt in ze paint?
Second Artist—Eet is for a marine picture. I make ze paint salt; zen when ze Americans put zair fingers on ze water and afterward put zair fingers to zair lips zay say: "Eet is wonderful! Ve almost taste ze salt of ze ocean." Zen zay buy.—New York Weekly.

There are lots of people out of the penitentiary who would be there if they were not watched.

BRASS BANDS AND A HOLIDAY.

Funerals in Greece Not Generally Occasions of Visible Mourning.

Funerals are far less funeral in sunny Hellas than in northern climes. The typical Greek funeral of the poorer sort is led by six or eight men, bearing between them an open coffin, in which the face of the corpse is fully visible to passers upon the street. If the bearers are in the Greek national costume—red caps, white kilts, knife plaited, and long white stockings, with embroidered gaiters—they certainly look rather gay for mourners. If a hearse is used it is not a black affair with heavy plumes, but as gay with gilding and red and white paint as a circus wagon, and so arranged that the face of the corpse is visible. If the family of the dead man are rich enough to afford it, a brass band accompanies the procession, besides the group of Greek priests walking by the coffin. There is always a crowd of on-lookers. Public notice of deaths and funerals is always given in the towns by printed cards, posted on the church doors, lamp posts and dead walls.

In Athens the funeral of an eminent man is always made the excuse for something like a public festival. On such occasions the state hearse is brought out, drawn by four white horses. This hearse is a high affair, made in close imitation of a Corinthian temple. The elaborately carved columns are gay with gilding, the roof is white and gold. On every possible pretext there is a military parade in honor of the distinguished departed, and the brass band is never omitted. When the late Austrian minister, Baron Kossek, was buried there was a parade in his honor of several regiments of Greek infantry, a lot of marines from the Greek navy, Austrian sailors and attaches; music was furnished by Greek and Austrian military bands, the former of which wound up the day by playing popular airs in the Place de la Constitution to an audience of several thousands. Fully half the population of the city were gathered in dense masses along the wide academy avenue, and saw the parade, in which the gay frontier troops in their Albanian dress were the most conspicuous feature, and next to them were the beautiful floral designs borne upon long poles by men of European dress. The king was present in a plain carriage driven by a coachman in silver and blue uniform, but he attracted little attention. Athenians can see their king almost any day.—Philadelphia Press.

Wonders of Half a Century.

On June 2 there died at Niles, Mich., Captain William Cary, the oldest sailing master on the great lakes, says the Chicago Chronicle. For sixty years Captain Cary had sailed the inland seas in weather of every sort. Upon the ocean there may be many who have followed the sea that length of time, but sixty years is the limit of lake navigation. In 1837 this mariner sailed into the port of Chicago, then a town of about 3,000 inhabitants. Aside from Buffalo, Detroit and Cleveland there were no ports of importance on the lakes. The commerce was hardly sufficient to support the boats in their traffic. This whole western country was an unknown quantity, the value of which was problematical. Its growth to the present dimensions was unthought of. As Captain Cary sailed into the muddy harbor he could not have dreamed that this was destined to be one of the world's great marts, a city of nearly 2,000,000 people within sixty years from then. But he lived to see this come to pass. He has seen the waters he sailed at that time crowded with commerce rivaling that of the ocean itself. He has seen the shores which in those days bore little but the tepees of the Indians become dotted with towns and cities, and the woods which echoed then only the savage's cry resounding to the hum of trade and the scream of the locomotive. It is only by the death of such old pioneers as Cary that one is reminded of the marvelous growth which has come to the West in the short space of half a century.

Her Daughters.

It is not uncommon in some parts of New England to hear a mother refer to her boys and girls as "a mess o' children." It appears that at least one Southern woman has a still less flattering form of speech.

She recently applied to a justice of the peace in the Maryland town where she lives, to protect her and her family against the unneighborly trespassing of a certain William Davis, who was not distinguished as a law-abiding citizen.

"I want a purrect against William Davis," said the woman, sitting defiantly upright in the straightest chair in the justice's office; "that is what I want—a purrect against William Davis. He won't keep his hens off o' my land. Fact is, I think he encourages 'em to come over. And it's differeent with me from what it would be if there was a man to look after my interests. I'm a poor lonesome widow woman, with nine head o' gal children, and not a boy amongst 'em! So what I want is a purrect."

Beetles of Great Value.

The most remarkable gold beetles in the world are found in Central America, Current Literature says. The head and wing cases are brilliantly polished with a luster as of gold itself. To sight and touch they have all the seeming of that metal. Oddly enough, another species from the same region has the appearance of being wrought in solid silver, freshly burnished. These gold and silver beetles have a market value. They are worth from \$25 to \$50 each.

The women have great admiration for a man who says he never saved a cent until he got married.

TWO MIGHTY CONTINENTS.
North and South America, beside Guatemala, the West Indies, Australia, and even Europe, are the fields of usefulness in which Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has demonstrated its value as an antidote to malaria, and as a remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia, biliousness, nervousness, and loss of appetite and sleep. The inhabitants of the medical men of these countries, have spoken in no uncertain tones concerning the efficacy of the great household remedy.

"Women use a lot of art to conceal their age," said the Smart Young Man. "Oh, not so much," said the Unhappy Bachelor. "Most of them are content to get along with plain lying."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KISSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

The summer cattle shipping season has begun in Denver, and the town is crowded with cattle men.

Vermont now punishes bicycle thieves by a two year sentence in state prison.

One of the largest salt works in Oklahoma is owned and operated by two young women.

A town which is expected to rival Cripple Creek has been settled and christened Yale City in Colorado.

Southern Oregon's fruit crop will be a large one, according to indications.

Lightning struck the home of Marshall Spring at Hiram, Me., and set fire to six rooms, besides tearing up a board under Mr. Spring's chair.

In a railway collision in North Carolina a 4-year-old child at an open car window was thrown out of the window by the shock and escaped injury.

Stop! Women,

And consider that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private life to a woman—a woman whose experience in treating woman's diseases is greater than that of any living physician, male or female.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man; besides, a man does not understand, simply because he is a man.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read, and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman. Thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

VIGOR OF MEN

Easily, Quickly, Permanently Restored

Weakness, Nervousness, Debility,

and all the train of evils from early errors or later excesses; the results of overwork, sickness, worry, etc. Full strength, development and tone given to every organ and portion of the body. Simple, natural methods. Immediate improvement. 2000 references. Book, explanation and proof mailed (sealed) free.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 68 NADAR ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

TO SEE DURRANT DIE.

Prominent People Importune the Warden of the California Prison For Invitations.

Scores of prominent men throughout the state have petitioned the warden of San Quentin prison for invitations to the hanging of Theodore Durrant. The demand for the black bordered cards became so great that the warden referred the matter to the prison directors.

They indicated their desire to have the affair conducted as quietly as possible. For that reason the warden will endeavor to limit the invitations to the minimum number required by the law. It is not thought that more than 30 people will see Durrant die.

"For a time," said the warden recently, "I was dreadfully annoyed by demands for invitations to the hanging. Something had to be done, and the directors finally decided that I should keep within the lowest limit of the law. Since the matter has been given publicity I have not been annoyed so much, although requests for invitations are still pouring in. In regard to the case at hand, we will simply follow the strict letter of the law."—San Francisco Examiner.

WILD MAN SEEN AGAIN.

He Wears Nothing but Hair, Which Is Long and Curly.

The wild man who created so much terror among the inhabitants near Rome, O., several weeks ago by his strange actions has again been seen. Charles Lukins and Bob Forner, while cutting timber a few miles from Rome, claim they encountered a wild man and after a severe struggle say they were able to drive the gorilla-like object into his supposed retreat among the cliffs.

They describe the terror as being about six feet tall and his only covering, apparently, a mat of long, curly hair. From their description of the supposed wild man he is undoubtedly the same seen a number of times several weeks ago.

Women and children are now more thoroughly frightened than ever and are afraid to venture from their homes lest they meet the wild creature. A posse of determined men will scour the country now until the terror is located and captured or killed. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

In a Cell With Her Husband.

W. Frank Wilson, alias Knocks Sykes, a young married man of Norfolk, is in a rather unpleasant predicament for a tender bridegroom. As he was boarding the train with his bride at Hickory Grove station on the Norfolk and Southern railway, a detective from Norfolk arrested him on the charge of stealing a bicycle from the Merrimack club of Norfolk. He was brought here and his young wife, refusing to part from him, occupied the cell with him. She says she is sure it is all a mistake.

HERE AND THERE.

A Scotch collie jumped from a church tower in Norfolk recently 80 feet to the ground, unharmed save for a shaking up.

French lycées have been crushed by M. Rambaud, who has refused their petition to be allowed to smoke openly at recess.

Caterpillars have begun their ravages early in Nebraska, and in some parts of the state have eaten all the foliage from wild fruit trees.

The Chicago board of education has decided to equip 20 school buildings with apparatus for boiling water and to furnish all other buildings with "germ proof" filters.

At Bridgeton, Me., a 91-year-old man dug up two young maple trees on his birthday, carried them 40 rods and planted them at the edge of his driveway.

Great Sampson, in the Scilly islands, is being strongly fortified by the British government under the pretext that Scilly is to be a coaling station.

An Angora cat which by accident was locked in a trunk under some clothing at Tullahoma, Tenn., remained there for seven days and revived when taken out.

MANY FANCY WAISTS.

NEVER SO RECKLESSLY FANCIFUL AS AT PRESENT.

Bodices and Boleros Are Also Apparently Far from Being Overdone—Designs that Are Planned to Modify the Figure.

Summer Styles.

New York correspondence:

HE prophets who several months ago ventured to predict that fancy waists would soon go out of style have been completely discredited. Waists have never been more recklessly fanciful than they are just now. Several materials, all different from that of the skirt, are often employed on one waist, and in many cases the effort seems to be to modify the natural outline and yet to suggest grace and slenderness. To the bony woman this is a boon, to the overplump one it is an improvement; so no wonder fancy waists still rule. Occasionally, as in the first waist that the artist presents, the summer time demand for looseness is seized upon to disguise too great slenderness. The material in the original of this sketch was reddish-brown cashmere, lavender silk furnished vest, belt and collar, and lace and silk muslin were freely used in trimming. This looseness of front and sleeves will mask thinness quite successfully, and, of course, individual taste may rule the selection of materials and colors, though the liberal trimming of lace is worth retaining. A

body, and it is entirely correct to wear with a plain skirt of one color a braided bodice of another hue. Braided trimming is now sold, and on a plain blue cloth bodice you can put bands of red heavily braided in black, as in this third illustration, where heavy string colored lace filled in the cross-like space. Braiding is set on in all sorts of geometric curves and lines, and landscape gardening appears to have loaned some of its methods in the "laying out" of the available surface of a pretty figure into squares, turns and crosses.

AS IF PLOTTED BY A GARDENER.

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DESIGNS PLANNED TO MODIFY THE FIGURE.

dainty arrangement of loose fronts appears in the next picture, in the left-hand model. Puffed white chiffon over rose pink lining gave the yoke, pink ribbon bows trimmed the front, and the goods was rose pink mohair.

Fancy waists are so elaborate that makers of matinee jackets and dressy wraps have had to hustle to keep those garments still to the front in regard to highly wrought effects. Opposite the bodice just described is a sample of what results from this rivalry. It was accordeon-pleated pink poplinette, hanging loosely from a lace net yoke. The sleeves were large bells of the plain goods topped with double frills of accordeon-pleated pink poplinette, with a ruffle of the same. Lace cascades and ribbon streamers trimmed the edges of the fronts and ribbon bows dotted the whole. The extreme of looseness is reached in most of these garments. Many of them fall loose from the collar, and others hang from under a wide cape-like yoke, with an effect of greatly widening the figure at the shoulders. Wraps are made in much the same way, a bolero serving as a foundation for fluff and frill that are apparently confined nowhere, and that yet suggest grace and slenderness



RIVALING IN FANCIFULNESS.

of outline, which at the same time they conceal.

Boleros are apparently as far from being overdone as are fancy waists themselves. Indeed, so popular is the cut that some bodices appear to be a series of boleros, one appearing just beyond the edge of the other, till finally, under the last bolero layer appears a bodice belt, which in its turn holds in place the under bodice. The remaining figure in this small group was a result of this idea, which permits the use of many different materials. A brilliant plaid may be used for the outside bolero, and then the inside ones are of different shades to be found in the plaid. Some boleros are loose at the waist and solid at the chest and throat, others open over a yoke effect and are solid at the waist. Some are

open in front, others at the back, others still at one or both sides, and again some are slashed every few inches all about the figure. They are made of lace, embroidery or velvet; they match the rest of the gown, or contrast as the only dash of color and elaboration in an entire costume; they are a part of the bodice, or adjustable.

Braiding is another favorite resort of fashion just now in the elaboration of



AS IF PLOTTED BY A GARDENER.

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HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hoitt's School, Burlingame, San Mateo County, Cal. In charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., opens August 10th.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Excited Wife—Oh, professor, the cook has fallen and broken her collar bone! Professor—Discharge her at once! You told her what to expect if she broke anything more.

CHEAP IRRIGATION.

The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Cousa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

WINE PRESSES FOR SALE
Below Cost. Different Sizes. Also Stemmers and Seeders.
Address, O. N. OWENS,
215 Bay St., San Francisco, Cal.

I believe my prompt use of Pisco's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kans., Dec. 12, '96.

Wine Presses

FOR SALE BELOW COST.

DIFFERENT SIZES.

Stemmers and Seeders

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215 BAY ST.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure, for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like. If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 88 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

BASE BALL GOODS. Special Rates TO CLUBS.

We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast.

SUITS AND UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER.
Send for Our Athletic Catalogue.
WILL & FINCK CO.,
818-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the and has the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897.

Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought" BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

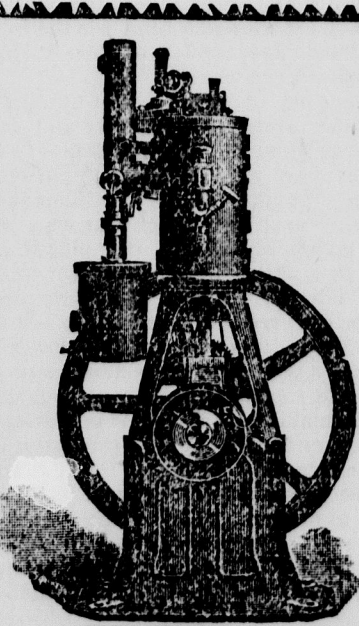
REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD., DORCHESTER, MASS.



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(25 Actual Horse Power)

Price only \$185.

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Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire, or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have no equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable.

Send for illustrated catalog.
Hercules Gas Engine Works,
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Send for our No. 21 Catalogue of Vehicles and Harness. Lowest Prices. **HOOKER & CO.,** 16-18 Drumm St., San Francisco, Cal.

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PISCO'S CURE FOR
CHILLS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

MEDICAL.

DR. RICORD'S Restorative Pills, the great nerve tonic and specific for exhausted vitality; physical debility, wasted forces, etc.; approved by the medical celebrities of the world. Agent J. G. STEELE, 635 Market St., Palace Hotel, S. F. Price, box of 50, \$1.25; of 100, \$2.00; of 200, \$3.50; of 400, \$6.00; preparatory pills, \$2. Send for circular.

RUPTURE and PILES cured: no pay until cured; send for book. **DRS. MANSFIELD & PORTERFIELD,** 838 Market St., San Francisco.

CHILDREN TEETHING.
Mrs. WILSON'S SCOTCH WHISKY always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

\$1000.00

Who will get it?

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is-----?-----because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get Schilling's Best tea at your grocer's; take out the Yellow Ticket (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket.

If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

Every one sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

Besides this thousand dollars, we will pay \$150 each to the two persons who send in the largest number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 15 and the end of the contest—August 31st.

Cut this out. You won't see it again for two weeks.

Address: **SCHILLING'S BEST TEA SAN FRANCISCO.**

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal., as
second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
One Year, in advance, \$2.00
Six Months, " 1.25
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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
BRANCH OFFICE, 202 Sansome St., San
Francisco, Room 4, third floor.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1897.

THE BIG COAL STRIKE.

The big strike of the coal miners in
the East is spreading, and should the
West Virginia miners join the strike,
the tie up in the soft coal district will
be complete.

In a strike of the magnitude of the
present one the losses entailed are
enormous, and the suffering which
must ensue is fearful to contemplate.
The plans for arbitration have failed,
and it looks as if the forces of capital
and labor would once more engage in
desperate and deadly conflict to the
injury of both. In the event of a
fight to a finish it is to be hoped that
the miners may win. The coal com-
panies of the United States have for
years pursued a policy inimical to the
rights of the American workingman,
and which has for its ultimate object
the absolute degradation of labor.
They have brought men into their
mines by tens of thousands from the
pauper labor districts of Europe, and
have so managed that there is only the
barest semblance of free labor in
American coal mines. The wages of
miners have been reduced to the starva-
tion point. There are districts where
an industrious miner can earn only
\$7.50 per month on which to maintain
himself and family. It is not strange
that there is a revolt.

TAKE A SUMMER BOARDER.

A communication will be found in
this issue of the Enterprise written
by Loyal L. Wirt, manager of the
"Chronicle Fresh Air Fund."

The caption of the article is "Prac-
tical Christianity," and the writer
offers each and every owner of a home
in the country an opportunity to do real
genuine Christian work, by sharing
their pleasant homes and big yards for
a little while with one or more of the
poor, homeless little children, so
numerous in a great big city.

Read Manager Wirt's short sermon
on Practical Christianity before you
go to church tomorrow, then open your
heart and your doors and take at least
one little "summer boarder" into your
home, where the little one may bask
in the bright sunshine, breathe the
pure fresh country air, and enjoy an
abundance of good wholesome food.

Try it and you will be repaid a
thousandfold. Remember that it is
more blessed to give than it is to re-
ceive, and that "pure religion and
undefiled is this, to visit the fatherless
and the widows in their affliction."

Send for one of these little summer
boarders, make it your mascot; it will
bring you good luck, and a blessing to
your home and to the town in which
you live.

DAIRY INSPECTION.

* Chief Food Inspector Dockery and
his assistants yesterday completed the
inspection of cows in the Eureka
dairy, owned by Furrer Brothers. Of
the 122 cows subjected to the tuber-
culin test thirty-one were found to be
affected with tuberculosis. The dis-
eased cows will be killed today and
the carcasses sent to the fertilizer.—S.
F. Chronicle.

The inspection being made by the
San Francisco Board of Health shows
that the dairy herds in the city and
county of San Francisco are all in-
fected and that from 15 to 25 per cent
of the herds have tuberculosis.

The proportion of diseased cows is
undoubtedly larger in the city than in
the country districts, owing to the
fact that the country herds have better
and more wholesome food and gen-
erally better sanitary conditions, but
there is no question about the general
prevalence of tuberculosis or consump-
tion in the dairy herds of California, in
cities, towns, and country. Further-
more, there is no disputing the fact
that the use of the milk of diseased
cows will spread disease to the human
family.

Recognizing this fact, the general
Government has taken steps to aid in
stamping out the disease, and with
the most beneficial results.

This county is largely interested in
the dairy industry, and cannot afford

to see it ruined through neglect, in-
difference, or a parsimonious and
pennywise policy.

The annexation of Hawaii may be-
come an accomplished fact before the
end of the present special session of
Congress. The decision of the Senate
Committee on Foreign Relations to
report a resolution for the ratification
of the annexation treaty without
amendment, indicates immediate ac-
tion by Congress with regard to this
important matter. The reasons in
favor of the annexation of the islands
are much stronger than were those
offered for the acquisition of Alaska,
and as time has demonstrated the wis-
dom of territorial extension in the
north so will it in even a greater de-
gree prove the soundness of Hawaiian
annexation. The annexation of the
islands is simply the consummation of
the settled policy of our government
in that direction and is recognized by
the nations of Europe as our legitimate
right.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE WILSON LAW CAUSED THE COAL STRIKE.

The coal miners' strike has brought
to the public attention some facts as
to the effect of the Wilson tariff law
upon this industry. The Wilson law
it will be remembered reduced the
rates of duty on coal 35 cents per ton,
it having been 75 cents per ton under
the McKinley law, and reduced to 40
cents per ton under the Wilson law.
Curiously President Rutherford of the
United Mine Workers' Association
states that the wages of miners have
been reduced about thirty-five cents
per ton since 1893 the very year in
which the free trade Congress met
and began framing the Wilson Act
which reduced duties 35 cents per
ton. The moment the Wilson law
passed coal from the Nova Scotia
mines began invading the markets on
the Atlantic coast especially New
England, and drove out of those mar-
kets the West Virginia coal, which
had always found an outlet at fair
prices. This West Virginia coal was
thus compelled to seek a market in the
west in competition with the coals of
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky.
The result was a sharp competition,
a fall in prices, a ruinous rate war,
not only between mine owners, but
also between the railroads and as a con-
sequence a reduction in the wages of
miners. Thus the very low wages of
the coal miners of the country who
are now striking for an advance are
directly and logically traceable to the
operations of the Wilson law. The
pending bill restores McKinley rates
on coal and after it gets into operation
will, it is hoped, result in improving
conditions and wages for miners as
well as others.—Exchange.

It is astonishing how many men
know how to run a paper. It is also
astonishing that most of those so
knowing in this regard are in some
other business than that of running a
paper. The country is full of able
newspaper men who only want a
chance. That is, full of those who
think they are just born for the busi-
ness. A good cure for this over con-
fidence on this line is to go to your
local paper and agree to keep up just
one column of original matter for one
month. In nine times out of ten the
cure will be complete and perfect.—
Santa Clara Journal.

FOR SAGE'S NEPHEW.

Proposition to Raise a Fund For the Mil-
lonaire's Poor Kinsman.

Five dollars was received by a promi-
nent city official of Joliet, Ill., recent-
ly as the starter of a fund for the relief
of Elizur Sage, nephew of Russell Sage,
the New York Croesus.

Ignorant of the fact that by dint of
starving himself and family and send-
ing a sick son to the poorhouse to die
Elizur had paid off the \$50 mortgage
on his humble home in Channahon,
given to secure a loan of that sum from
his millionaire uncle, the money was
sent by a philanthropic Boston woman.

The donor, whose name is suppressed
at her own request, writes that she has
been deeply touched by the stories of
grinding poverty at the Channahon cot-
tage and suggests that others join with
her in making up the sum necessary to
avert any danger of the foreclosure of
the mortgage. Now that the mortgage
has been paid the money will be turned
over to Elizur, together with any more
that may come in from the charitably
inclined, to aid him in his battle against
starvation.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dynamite Thawed Too Fast.

At Hermantown, seven miles from
Duluth, recently Frank Lucek, a farm-
er living there, was thawing some dy-
namite to be used in clearing land of
stumps. He was heating it over a fire,
when it exploded, tearing the house al-
most to pieces and killing Lucek and two
young sons. Another boy was blown
through a window, Mrs. Lucek was in-
jured and what remained of the house
caught fire and was destroyed. The
mother and son were brought to Duluth
and are in the hospital here. The boy
may die, but the mother will recover.

Choked on an Egg and Drowned.

Bruce Snyder, a young man living
with his parents in Steuben county, Ind.,
was drowned in Hamilton lake, north-
west of Waterloo, Ind., one afternoon
recently. Young Snyder, with compan-
ions, was rowing on the lake and while
eating a boiled egg suddenly choked and
fell overboard.

JOSEPH'S CANAL IN EGYPT.

An Engineering Work Still Used
Though Built 4,000 Years Ago.

How many of the engineering works
of the nineteenth century will there be
in existence in the year 6000? Very
few, we fear, and still less those that
will continue in that far-off age to serve
a useful purpose. Yet there is at least
one great undertaking conceived and
executed by an engineer which during
the space of 4,000 years has never ceased
its office, on which the life of a fer-
tile province absolutely depends to-day.
We refer to the Bahr Jousuf—the
canal of Joseph—built, according to tra-
dition, by the son of Jacob, and which
constitutes not the least of the many
blessings he conferred on Egypt during
the years of his prosperous rule.

This canal took its rise from the Nile
at Aisut, and ran almost parallel with
it for nearly 250 miles, creeping along
under the western cliffs of the Nile Val-
ley, with many a bend and winding,
until at length it gained an eminence,
as compared with the river bed, which
enabled it to turn westward through a
narrow pass and enter a district which
was otherwise shut off from the fer-
tilizing floods on which all vegetation
in Egypt depends. The northern end
stood seventeen feet above low Nile,
while at the southern end it was at an
equal elevation with the river. Through
this cut ran a perennial stream, which
watered a province named the Fayoum,
endowing it with fertility and support-
ing a large population. In the time of
the annual flood a great part of the
canal was under water, and then the
river's current would rush in a more
direct course into the pass, carrying
with it the rich silt which takes the
place of manure and keeps the soil in
a constant state of productiveness. All
this, with the exception of the tradi-
tion that Joseph built it, can be verified
to-day and it is not mere supposition or
rumor.

Until eight years ago it was firmly
believed that the design has always
been limited to an irrigation scheme,
larger, no doubt, than that now in op-
eration, as shown by the traces of aban-
doned canals, and by the slow aggre-
gation of waste water which had ac-
cumulated in the Birket el Querum, but
still essentially the same in character.
Many accounts have been written by
Greek and Roman historians, such as
Herodotus, Strabo, Mutimius and Pliny,
and repeated in monkish legends, or
portrayed in the maps of the middle
ages, which agreed with the folklore of
the district. These tales explained that
the canal dug by the ancient Israelites
served to carry the surplus waters of
the Nile into an extensive lake lying
south of the Fayoum, and so large that
it not only modified the climate, tem-
pering the arid winds of the desert and
converting them into the balmy airs
which nourished the vines and the
olives into a fullness and fragrance un-
known to any part of the country, but
also added to the food supply of the
land such immense quantities of fish
that the royal prerogative of the right
of piscary at the great weir was valued
at \$250,000 annually. This lake was
said to be 450 miles round and to be
navigated by a fleet of vessels, and the
whole circumference was the scene of
industry and prosperity.—Engineering.

Testing Cement.

The tensile strength of cement is now
tested accurately by a machine of pec-
uliar construction in possession of the
Massachusetts Institute of Technology,
Boston. The cement to be tested is cast
in special molds, which fit into two
sockets, so that no clamping or binding
is required, the size of the cement be-
tween the sockets, where the strain is
applied, being one inch square, the
size generally adopted for making tests
of this material. The upper socket is
fixed, and the pull is applied to the
lower one by a gear and screw; and, as
the time at which the cement breaks is
of importance, the power is applied at
a uniform rate of 400 pounds a minute.
A feature in which this machine is
preferable to any other is the absence
of all jarring. The weight is applied
by a small wheel, which runs along the
weighing beam and is connected to a
small slide running along an upper
beam, which is fixed, on which is the
scale of weights which shows what
power is being applied. It is thus pos-
sible to shift the weight without caus-
ing the slightest jar or pull on the
weighing beam, while the latter never
strikes the frame, as it is held by the
wheel.

Sharp Scotchman.

The Scottish American tells a story
of a cobbler who was sentenced by a
Scottish magistrate to pay a fine of half
a crown, or, in default, twenty-four
hours' hard labor. If he chose the lat-
ter he would be taken to the jail at
Perth. "Then I'll go to Perth," he said,
"for I have some business there." An
official conveyed him to Perth, but
when the cobbler reached the jail he
said he would pay the fine. The Gov-
ernor found he would have to take it.
"And now," said the cobbler, "I want
my fare home." The Governor demur-
red, but discovered there was no alter-
native; the prisoner must be sent at
the public expense to the place he had
been brought from.

To Make Sure.

"Young man," said the statesman, "I
decline to be interviewed."
The hopeful reporter looked sad.
"I always interview myself," the
statesman explained. "It is a great
plan for missing mistakes. Just sit
down and I will have your copy ready
in about twenty minutes."—Cincinnati
Enquirer.

Wax Matches.

Wax matches are employed in Eu-
rope to an extent vastly greater than
in this country.

Men in Hospitals.

At the siege of Metz the French in the
hospital averaged 17,000 men, nearly
10 per cent. of the garrison.

A Bee In Her Bed.

A novel and unexpected experience
befell the wife of a well known citizen
of Cape May one night recently. Upon
retiring for the night she heard a great
buzzing in her bedroom and was spoken
to by her husband as to what it might
be.

While making a search for it, she
was severely stung in half a dozen
places by what was subsequently found
to be a ground bumble bee, which had
in some way crawled between the
blankets. The bee was nearly the size
of a humming bird, and when disturbed
made a noise like those birds when
their wings are in motion. The dam-
aged limb of the lady was much inflamed
and may yet give her more trouble.—
Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Backward Over the Fence.

A small riot occurred at an amateur
baseball game at Ghent Athletic park,
Norfolk, recently, in which Johnnie
Beasley, a little boy, was shot in the
back and through the leg. A passed
ball struck James Berry, and, thinking
it was thrown by a negro, he secured
a shotgun and threatened to wipe out
the colored spectators. Two were sit-
ting on a fence, and they went over
backward, one breaking a leg in the
fall. Jackson, a spectator, fearing his
life was in danger, grabbed the gun,
which went off, the charge striking
young Beasley.

Both Jackson and Berry were arrest-
ed and in the police court fined, Berry
on a breach of the peace and Jackson
for continuing the disturbance.

Forged Her Mother's Name.

Ellen Cadman, the 15-year-old daugh-
ter of Mrs. L. A. Cadman of Chattanooga,
Ga., was arrested recently at the instance
of her mother on a charge of forgery.
The young lady had cashed checks to
the amount of \$80 purporting to have
been signed by her mother. A friend of
the girl, in order to save her from spend-
ing the night in the city jail, made up
the amount, and she was released. The
girl is very handsome and unusually
bright for one of her age. The mother
and daughter were later reconciled.—
Cincinnati Enquirer.

F. A. HORNBLOWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Building.
Redwood City, Cal.
Practices in State and Federal Courts.

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Eastern Coal Oil

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Gasoline.

Coal Oil and Gasoline at
Lowest Market Prices.

Leave Orders at

Neff's Building,
SAN BRUNO AVENUE.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS
Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South
San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.,
on all their buildings and plant at South
San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on
all classes of insurable property. Property
specially rated. Correspondence solicited.
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San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES
ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.

New Building. New Furniture. Wheelmen's Headquarters.
BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.

B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.
E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

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PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

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AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

--- NOTARY PUBLIC. ---

OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenue,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

Kneese for groceries.
The Enterprise for news.
Peoples' Store for dry goods and notions.
Eikerenkotter's for general merchandise.
Holcomb's Drug Store for drugs, stationery and hotel articles.
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin spent Sunday visiting friends in Alameda.
Dr. Holcomb keeps a full line of drugs and stationery which he sells at city prices.
H. H. Loomis is back in his barber shop, and engaged once more in the art tonsorial.
Born, in this young city, on Sunday morning the 11th inst., to the wife of Isaac Abrams, a son.
W. Rehberg is building a stable on Baden avenue, and has the frame up and building enclosed.
W. S. Taylor has taken the lease of the big stable on Cypress Ave., belonging to Mr. Martin.
Mrs. D. Harrington is expecting the arrival of two of her sisters from New York on a visit, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sisson of Galesburg, Ill., were the guests yesterday of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin.
Mr. Bert Holston, formerly of this place has been stationed at San Jose in employ of the S. P. R. R. Company.
Miss Lena Kneese has gone to San Francisco to recuperate from her recent illness as the guest of Mrs. Winters.
Mrs. Geo. Kneese and her daughter Miss Lena Kneese are recovering from their recent severe and protracted illness.
Mrs. Geo. Sutherland and her daughter Vera spent last week in San Jose, visiting her sister, Mrs. Gussie Ash Holston.
Rev. Geo. Wallace will hold services at Grace Church tomorrow, Sunday, at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 4:30 p. m.
Frank Murray has so far recovered from his recent illness that he has returned from the city to his boarding house here in town.
Frank Miner and H. B. Maggs have been drawn as trial jurors to appear in the Superior Court at Redwood City on Thursday, August 3d.
Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Innes of San Francisco, uncle and aunt of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin, visited Mr. and Mrs. Martin last Saturday.
If you want your life or your property insured, call on E. E. Cunningham at the postoffice building, who is agent for first-class companies only.
Fred Desirallo, the efficient deputy constable, and capable deputy assessor of this township, left on Monday to enjoy two weeks of a well earned vacation.
Miss Mary Reichmuth, who has been spending a few days very pleasantly visiting friends in our little town, returned to her home in San Francisco on Tuesday.
H. B. Maggs, architect, has received plans of the new San Francisco postoffice, and is busy making estimates on material for its construction for several contractors.
On Saturday of last week the Western Meat Company slaughtered 184 cattle, over 1200 sheep, besides hogs. The business keeps on growing steadily and surely.
Julius Eikerenkotter went down to La Honda and spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with his family who are rusticated in the Redwoods of that picturesque portion of San Mateo county.
F. O. Clawson returned on Tuesday from a week's vacation in Napa county. Frank has been in the employ of the Western Meat Company the past five years, and this is the first vacation he has taken.
Our public school will be provided with three teachers for the new school year. The coming term will open with Miss Florence Glennan as principal, and the Misses Cecilia Hynding and Laura Bettannier as assistants.
On Tuesday last a telegram was received by Mr. Geo. R. Sneath of Jersey Farm, conveying the sad intelligence of the death at Ontario, Canada, on Monday, of Mr. W. H. James, of Memphis, Tennessee, father of Mrs. Geo. R. Sneath.
A pleasant family party consisting of Mrs. Jno. M. Grantham of Goldboro, N. C., Miss Ethel Cunningham of Sabathia, Kansas, and ye editor and his better half drove across the country to the picturesque San Pedro Valley on Sunday where a most delightful day was spent at the Old Adobe Hotel beside the sea.
The names of the pupils in this (San Bruno) School District, from the 5th to the 10th grade inclusively, who have been declared entitled to a place on the roll of honor by reason of their standing in scholarship, deportment and attendance, and each of whom has been issued a scroll of honor signed by the County Board of Education, are: Nettie Collins, Leona Jenovain, Jane McBrearty, Leland Kofoid, Josie Miner, David Martin, Charles Willin, Ethel Kofoid, Mary Maggs, and Amelia Le Monnier.
W. M. Leverone removed from this place to San Francisco on Wednesday. Mr. Leverone's residence here dated back to the establishment of the great meat industry, and the beginning of this town five years ago. Mr. Leverone married here, and was for some time in business as the proprietor of the Arcade Hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Leverone were held in high esteem by our people, and their loss will be regretted. They will take up their future residence at Ninth and Railroad avenues, San Francisco.

BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo met on Monday July 12, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., pursuant to adjournment, and there were present Chairman J. J. Brown, Supervisors H. Q. Tilton, Jos. Debenetti, and H. B. Adair. Absent, Supervisor McEvoy.

The reading of the minutes of the last regular meeting was dispensed with until the regular meeting in August.

On motion of Supervisor Tilton the sum of \$600 was transferred from the unapportioned fund to the First District Road Fund, temporarily.

The military roll for the year 1897 was presented by Assessor Hayward and filed. It shows 1743 names of persons within the county subject to military duty.

The following claims were allowed on the General Fund:

Daniel Neville	75 00
James Crowe	43 00
James Crowe	3 00
James Hannon	57 00
Drs. Ross & Barrett	49 00
A. D. Walsh	135 00
B. A. Bank	100 00
Hanson & Co.	37 14
Hanson & Co.	38 90

Board adjourned to Monday, July 19, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m.

BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

The Board of Supervisors of the County of San Mateo met as a Board of Equalization on Monday, July 12, 1897, at 10 o'clock a. m., pursuant to adjournment, and there were present Chairman J. J. Brown, Supervisors H. Q. Tilton, Jos. Debenetti and H. B. Adair. Absent, Supervisor P. H. McEvoy.

The minutes of the last regular meeting were read and approved.

An application was made from the Dyer Estate Company, for reduction of their assessment on the San Mateo County timber lands, issued to B. Carr.

Mr. Henry Dyer, the manager of the estate, appeared for the petitioner. He claimed that the cash value is only \$6 per acre, and it is assessed, erroneously, at \$10 per acre. The land originally was assessed at \$16,000 and this year at \$14,000, which he regarded as too high.

Assessor Hayward said that the land in question is as good as any timber land in the county, and if the assessment should be lowered, all other timber land should be lowered. The property is at the head of the Gazos and Butano creeks, in an accessible location. He thought the assessment should stand.

Supervisor Adair said he knew of the property and he deemed it as valuable as any in the county, or even in the State.

Supervisor Debenetti moved that the petition be denied. Supervisor Adair seconded the motion, and it was carried.

Board adjourned to Monday, July 19, 1897, at 10 a. m.

JOURNEMEN BUTCHERS PICNIC.

The eleventh annual picnic and grand street parade of the Journeymen Butchers' P. and B. Association, for the benefit of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund, will be held at Shell Mound Park on Sunday, July 18th, 1897. Admission 25 cents, children free. The parade will leave the Association Hall, on Market Street, near 5th, San Francisco, at 9 a. m. sharp. All employees of the Western Meat Company are cordially invited.

RARE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Fractured and Crushed Ribs and Bones Repaired.

Acting Superintendent Roder recently performed a surgical operation on Henry Henfrew, a 16-year-old negro, which is the fourth of its kind to be made in this country. The subject, who lived at 1236 Morgan street, jumped a train at East St. Louis to ride to this city, and in attempting to leap from a freight car in the union yards was thrown under the car. He was a powerfully built fellow, and the wheels, instead of running over him, crushed his chest and forced him outside of the rails. He was sent to the City hospital, where it was found that all the ribs as well as the breastbone were broken and the upper bone of the arm, the shoulder blade and the collar bone were crushed. The man was scarcely alive when he reached the institution, despite his powerful physique, and Dr. Roder determined to risk the only operation which could possibly save his life.

The man was laid on the table and the entire outside skin from the waist to the neck laid back. The muscles and tendons of the shoulder and the neck were then forced up, and the ribs, one by one, taken care of. Many of them were so crushed that it was necessary to supply sections from six to eight inches long, simply retaining enough slivers of the bone to form a circulation for the marrow tissues and fluids. The ribs were bridged and the lungs placed in their proper places, the thorax supplied with a silver tube and the little bones replaced with a net of silver wire. Then, after sewing up the incision, the subject was placed on his stomach, where four of the vertebrae were replaced with silver joints, the clavicle, or collar bone, removed and splints put in to take its place, while the humerus, the long bone of the upper arm, was taken out and its place filled with a composite bone of the same shape.

Just Heard of McKinley's Election.

George L. Ticknor, who has seen little of civilization for 20 years, came down to Winsted, Pa., from the mountains recently to learn who had been elected president last November. After being told he returned to his cabin among the rocks. Before he went to the war he was in love, and when he returned his sweetheart had either gone away or married. Then he went into the woods and built the cabin where he has since lived.—Philadelphia Record.

ONE MAN AND A MOB.

And His Only Weapon Was a Silver Spoon.

This is a story of how one man did what a sheriff, police force, citizens and fire department failed to do. Unarmed, save for a silver spoon, and unassisted, he dispersed a blood-thirsty mob bent on murder and arson.

It was during the Chinese riots in Denver in the year 1880, the bloodiest in its history. An angry mob filled the streets and made the air blue with its mutterings.

When things had reached this stage a gigantic cowboy in a red flannel shirt drove into the crowd waving his lariat over his head and shouting, "Let's burn the rats out of their holes." This was all sufficient to inflame the crowd to violence and to the Chinese quarter of the town they went.

There were probably 500 Chinamen and Chinese women huddled together in a lot of dens covering an area of half a block. The different apartments were connected by narrow secret passages.

These were typical dens of Chinese vice and crime, and the fumes of opium filled the air for a block away. It was a plague spot, and a menace to every self-respecting citizen. As the officers of the law fattened on it its denizens remained unmolested.

To this place the mob rushed howling and crying for the "rats" to be burned out.

Soon they were beyond the control of the police, and the chief appealed to the sheriff. Three hundred citizens were sworn in and armed with revolvers and Winchester. The sheriff tried to disperse the crowd by threats, persuasion and by reading the riot act, but they only hissed and hooted.

The Chinamen barricaded their doors, and not a sound came from within save the occasional cry of a woman.

The mob fired at the doors and the sheriff threatened to fire into the crowd, but a dozen Winchester were pointed in his face and he subsided.

Finally some one set fire to the old frame buildings and in a moment the entire Chinese quarter was in flames.

The mob, maddened by the sight, yelled and howled. They made a rush on the doors and with some heavy lumber broke them in and rushed through. There were a few shots, a few cries, and a few supplications.

They shot down the men as they rushed from the burning buildings, and then dragged them out by the queues. They picked the little Chinese women up in their arms and carried them out. Quantities of silverware, cigars, liquor and opium were found and confiscated by the rioters. What they could not carry away with them was scattered on the sidewalks.

The fire department came and turned the water on the crowd, but some one cut the hose and destroyed its usefulness for extinguishing the flames and the ardor of the mob.

The plaintive cries of the women and children were distinctly heard by the armed officers of the law, but they stood paralyzed and did nothing.

The mob was drinking their fill of blood and whisky, carrying home rich booty, or the shapely little Chinese women, when four men came out of the building, dragging a Chinaman by the queue. Cries of "shoot him!" went up from the throats of a hundred men, when a man, coatless and hatless, rushed into the midst of the rioters.

"You cowardly dogs!" he roared, with a voice that resounded far above the yells and din of the crowd. He reached into his hip pocket—but, no—it was empty. He saw something glinting in the firelight at his feet and picked it up unnoticed. He put it into his hip pocket and dashed up to the four men. Pulling it from his pocket he faced them. "Get out of here, you —, or I will kill every coward of you!" said he, waving it in their faces. The men stood back aghast.

"I'll kill the first — that lays a finger on another Chinaman. Now get, every coward of you."

He still waved his hand high in the air, and its contents glinted in the fire light.

"It's Jim Moon," said one. No sooner had the crowd recognized him than they threw down their weapons and ran, leaving him standing alone against a background of burning buildings and covering Chinamen, still waving his hand and the silver spoon—for it was only a spoon—over his head.

When the officers of the law came out of their trance they realized that the blood-thirsty mob had been scattered by one man with an ounce of determination and a silver spoon.

Jim then threw down his improvised pistol, had a hearty laugh at the fire department and police, then went up town and took a drink.

Smoke as a Preserver of Health.

Fogs are said to have a very beneficial effect on the health of districts where they are prevalent, as they are great purifiers of the atmosphere, and even the sulphur which makes the London fog so pungent and irritating, is credited with effecting quite an appreciable limitation of prevalent infectious diseases. Prof. Maur is now of the opinion that smoke may be turned into a hygienic ally, and, under some circumstances, be made capable of preserving the health to a degree little imagined.

The dust collected from the smoke of some Liege furnaces burning coal raised from the neighboring mines, produces, when dissolved in hydrochloric acid, a solution from which considerable quantities of arsenic and several other metallic salts may be precipitated. It is now suspected that this breathing of arsenic and other minerals in a finely divided state may account for the singular immunity from epidemics enjoyed by certain industrial districts, such as that of St. Etienne, and medical authorities in those regions and elsewhere are asked to throw upon the subject what light they can. It is suggested

that the ventilating effect of the numerous chimneys in iron-making and other industrial centers has its due share in constantly driving off the vitiated air and replacing it by fresh quantities of pure air. It was noted that when pestilence was raging in the English town of Clifton, an elevated and apparently salubrious residential district, its inhabitants migrated to a low-lying and murky parish in the adjacent town of Bristol, where the air was black from the smoke of numerous chimneys, while the mortality was lower than that of the fashionable quarter overlooking it.



Thomas Wentworth Higginson is now in England and is writing a series of articles on foreign travel.

"Susan Escort and Others," a collection of short stories by Edward Everett Hale, will shortly be issued.

R. N. Stephens will soon bring out the historical romance, "An Enemy to the King," based upon his drama of the same name which was presented with such success by E. H. Sothern.

The long-expected new volume of Justin McCarthy, "History of Our Own Times," which brings the story down from 1880 to the diamond jubilee, making the third volume in the compiled work, is announced for publication.

Edward Bellamy's new book, "Equality," is now promised to appear in a few days. The slight delay is due to the necessity for the book to appear simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Italy and other countries. It is of interest to recall that over 400,000 copies of "Looking Backward" have been sold in this country alone.

That famous mart of books, pictures and other treasures, known to more than one generation as "Christie's," is to be celebrated in a volume by W. Roberts, who is just the man in all London qualified to write it. It is called "Memorials of Christie's," and besides traversing the annals of the great house of auctioneers it will gather together stories of many famous sales and record prices.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, in her "Lounge" columns of the Critic, takes a rather discouraging view of the pecuniary benefits of fiction writing. She says: "There are not many men, or women either, in this country making over \$3,000 a year out of fiction. The person who makes \$10,000 a year out of that branch of literary work may count himself fortunate. I do not believe there are five writers of fiction in this country who make as much by their pens alone."

Home Life Among the Indians.

Mrs. Alice C. Fletcher contributes a paper with this title, one of a series on similar subjects, to the Century. Mrs. Fletcher says: One would hardly suppose that there could be particular rules as to the manner of sitting upon the ground; but here, as in every other part of Indian life, there is a rigid observance of custom. Men may properly sit upon their heels or cross-legged, but no woman may assume these attitudes. She must sit sideways, gathering her feet well under her, and make a broad, smooth lap. When working she may kneel or squat, and when resting she, as well as the men, may sit with legs extended; but at all other times men and women must observe the etiquette of posture distinctive of sex. To rise without touching the ground with the hand, springing up lightly and easily to the feet, is a bit of good breeding very difficult to one not to the manner born. Careful parents are particular to train their children in these niceties of behavior. Among the Winnebagoes the little girls are drilled in the proper way of standing when under observation on dress occasions. Their position of hands and feet is also the proper one for the women in certain religious dances. While among the Sioux, a mother with a good-sized family of boys and girls propounded to me the question whether white women did not find their daughters more trouble than their sons; she was sure she did. "Look at those girls," said she; "I have their clothes to make, their hair to braid, and to see that they learn how to behave. Now, my boys are no trouble." As I glanced at the group of children, the glossy braids of the girls falling over their single smock, and the boys, naked but for the breech-clout, their miniature scalp-locks ornamented with a brass sleigh-bell surmounting a snarl of frowzy hair, I recognized the kinship of maternal perplexities the world over.

Big Locomotives.

The heaviest locomotives now in use are the mountain locomotives of the Mexican Central Railway, which weigh 104 tons without the tender, and the eight driving wheels of which bear a combined weight of eighty-eight tons, or twenty-two tons per axle and eleven tons per wheel.

The greatest weight permitted on European railroads is seven tons per wheel. The next largest locomotives are those used in the St. Clair tunnel, at Detroit, which weigh eighty-nine tons without the tender, and the quintuple compound freight locomotives of the Erie Railway, which weigh eighty-eight tons.

A Sardonic Suggestion.

"I'm sure," said the girl who is engaged, "that Herbert is a prize."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "but in a case of this kind it's so difficult to tell whether you've won a first prize or a booby prize."—Washington Star.

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANITY.

There are thousands of neglected, poorly-nourished, sorrowful little souls in the city of San Francisco to whom a fortnight in the country would be a veritable foretaste of heaven. Thanks to the Chronicle and the generous citizens of San Francisco, the Outing Fund is meeting our present needs for transportation, so that the only thing now lacking to make this undertaking a most beneficent and far-reaching philanthropy is a sufficient number of invitations from kind-hearted friends outside of this city, who may be willing, without financial return, to share their pleasant homes and big yards with these less fortunate little visitors for a few weeks.

Where in this wide world is there a service attended by physical, moral, or spiritual benefits so grand or so permanent? Two weeks of heaven for a girl who, unless some counterinfluence is put to work in her life, will in a few years more step over the threshold of that door which leads to death! Two weeks of glorious destiny-forming on the manly side for a boy, whose only ideals have been gathered from the slums! Think of it—a chance to turn the current of a whole life from poverty, degradation, vice to honesty, purity, good-citizenship, happiness! The beneficial effect of such an outing upon poor city children is beyond computation.

I believe that our social and labor problems will be largely solved when we can turn the tide of population away from our cities, back to the green fields.

Our hard times would cease, in this state, if every poor man could be put upon 10 acres of California's rich soil—an abundance of which awaits every comer.

A glimpse of nature, a whiff of the woods, a tumble on the new-mown hay, a drink of warm milk from the cow, and these wise little travelers will, upon their return to their crowded city surroundings, give their parents no peace until the cobblestones are parted with forever and the sweet, soft earth welcomes the family of a new husbandman.

It is little enough that any of us can do toward the betterment of human conditions; but here is something—a service full of the grandest possibilities in which many of us may have a blessed part—if we will. With the money provided, the children so numerous that it only requires the selection of the neediest, there remains in order to a successful administration of this charity, only the open home with its open hearts.

In the name of suffering city childhood; in the name of our fair commonwealth's future, will you not send for one (or more) little "summer boarder," so that for once in their lives these unblest children of the street may spend a sweet holiday amidst happy surroundings and may fill their little stomachs three times a day with wholesome food.

It is not necessary to state that no child will be sent from whom it is possible to contract any disease, and special attention is paid to cleanliness.

The fund pays all transportation expenses. All you need to do in order to have a part in this sweet charity is to tell us how many children you can "home" for two or more weeks, the sex and age you prefer, and when and where you will meet them at the train.

Loyal L. Wirt,
Manager Chronicle Fresh Air Fund,
Y. M. C. A. Building, San Francisco.

GRAND BALL AND SUPPER.

San Mateo Lodge, No. 7, Journeymen Butchers' P. and B. Association will give their public installation of officers, entertainment, grand ball and supper, on Saturday evening, July 31, 1897, at Masborough Hall, the proceeds to go to its widow and orphan fund. General admission to installation and ball 50 cents, ladies free.

MARKET REPORT.

CATTLE—Market in better shape and prices are strong, while in some cases ¼ higher.
Sheep—Desirable sheep of all kinds are in demand at prices steady.
Hogs—Desirable hard fed hogs are being offered freely on the market, but the demand is limited, and prices steady.
PROVISIONS are in good demand at stronger prices.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are ½ lb (less 50 per cent shrinkage on cattle), delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers 66¢; No. 2 Steers 55¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers 45¢; No. 2 Cows and Heifers 44¢.

Hogs—Hard, grain-fed, 250 lbs and under, 33¢; over 250 lbs 34¢.

Sheep—Desirable Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 24¢; Ewes, 23¢.

Spring Lambs—35¢; gross, weighed alive.

Calves—Under 250 lbs, alive, gross weight, 40¢; over 250 lbs 34¢.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses:
Beef—First quality steers, 5½¢; second quality, 4½¢; First quality cows and heifers, 4½¢; second quality, 3½¢; third quality, 3¢.

Veal—Large, 5½¢; small, 7¢.

Mutton—Wethers, 5½¢; ewes, 5¢.

Sucking lambs, 6¢.

Dressed Hogs—5½¢.

PROVISIONS—Hams, 9½¢; picnic hams, 7¢; Atlanta ham, 7¢; New York shoulder, 7¢.

Bacon—Ex. Lt. S. C. bacon, 11¢; light S. C. bacon, 10¢; med. bacon, clear, 8¢; Lt. med. bacon, clear, 8½¢; clear light, 8½¢; clear ex. light, 9½¢.

THE CALIFORNIA

Bush St., near Kearny, S. F.



THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

is unsurpassed in the magnificence of its appointments and style of service by any hotel in the United States.

Strictly First-Class

European Plan

Reasonable Rates

Centrally located, near all the principal places of amusement.

THE CALIFORNIA'S TABLE D'NOTE.

Dinner from 5 to 8 p. m. \$1.00
Lunch from 11:30 a. m. to 2 p. m. 75 cts.

THE BEST CUISINE IN THE METROPOLIS.

A. F. KINZLER, Manager.

Beer & Ice

—WHOLESALE—

THOS. F. FLOOD, AGENT.

For the Celebrated Beers of the

Wieland, Fredericksburg,

United States, Chicago,

Willows and

South San Francisco

BREWERIES

—AND—

THE UNION ICE CO.

Grand Avenue SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

IF YOU WANT

GOOD MEAT

Ask your butcher for meat from the great Abattoir at South San Francisco, San Mateo County.

THE COURT.

CHOICEST

Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

THOS. BENNERS, Prop.

Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

ARMOUR HOTEL

Table and Accommodations
The Best in the City.

Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars.

Bowling Alley and Summer Garden
in connection with the
H. tel.

HENRY MICHENFELDER : Proprietor

SHE GAVE HER HEART TO ME.

Cupid, one day, in idle quest,
Fitted a dainty dart,
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,
To strike Priscilla's heart.

Clean through it went; no heart was there;
Said Cupid: "I believe
Priscilla's just the girl to wear
Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alas! it was not found;
"Aha!" cried Cupid, "note
Her frightened air; now I'll be bound,
Her heart is in her throat."

Failure again. On some slender chance,
He one more arrow shoots;
Assuming from her downcast glance,
Her heart was in her boots.

Failed, Cupid threw aside his bow;
"She has no heart," said he,
(He did not know that long ago
She gave her heart to me.)
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

AS IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

"Murder! Murder! Help! Murder!"

It was a woman's shrill scream that rang out on the murky air and caused a great commotion on the usually quiet street. Men ran, hatless, from their supper tables; women with frightened faces followed.

"What has happened? What can be the matter?" they asked each other. "The cries came from Dean's," one man said, making haste in that direction.

From up and down the street people came running, and in the dusk they crowded and hindered each other, and the opposite streams met and jammed the gate at Dean's. But men leaped the low pickets and rushed around the house, for whatever it meant the disturbance was in the back yard.

Almost instantly one came hurrying back.

"Neighbors," he shouted, "there has been murder done! Mr. Dean has been killed! He is lying there, all blood, his head split with an ax. Somebody go for a doctor," he called back from the corner of the house.

"Police! Police!" some one yelled. The increasing crowd swarmed inside and overran the yard and filled the house and surged to and fro, excited and eager for a glimpse of the unfortunate victim.

Bulletins for the information of the hindmost were sent back, second by second, from mouth to mouth, by those nearest the scene of the tragedy and whose imaginations supplied them with their knowledge of the facts, and many were the contradictory statements that flew about and enlarged themselves in passing, as is natural and usual.

The messengers dispatched for doctor and police spread the news as they ran, and on returning heard on the outskirts of the crowd that stretched far up the street that not only Mr. Dean, but Mrs. Dean and even the two children had been butchered in cold blood. The screams were from the servant girl, who had found the mangled bodies, etc.

So does human nature love the horrible, and gloat over it.

As Mr. Dean was cashier of the bank, the president and other officers were notified by swift and willing volunteers, and presently they added themselves and their neighbors to the human mass of excitement and curiosity.

It was at last definitely learned that no one was hurt but Mr. Dean; that no one else happened to be at home at the time; that Mrs. Dean, returning late from something somewhere, had found him lying in the back yard apparently dead.

A few of the bystanders were so fortunate as to get a fleeting view of the inert figure as it was carried into the house; and then the police with their bludgeons undertook to drive out the crowd.

"Off with you!" they cried. "If you stamp and prance all over the place, how do you think anybody is going to find a trace of the murderer?"

"Yah, much good you'll do!" jeered one. "That's so! Much good you'll do!" repeated another, taking it up. "I'd like to know what the police amounts to any way when a man can be murdered in broad daylight within two blocks of the square."

"We might all be murdered in our yards and you not know it," said a third.

"It was not done in broad daylight, as you know very well; and we are not expected to prowling around in back yards, looking for possible assassins," the police retorted hotly. "But get out of here, every one of you; we've got to search the premises," and with much taunting and resisting the mob at last withdrew.

Reporters for the several newspapers, the bank officials and a neighbor or two were allowed to remain; the mayor, a personal friend of the family, came in, and together they awaited in an outer room the announcement of the result of the examination by the physician.

The wound on the head was found to extend from forehead to crown.

"The whole bit of the ax," said one of the doctors; but although it was an ugly gash it did not seem to have penetrated the skull; and aside from that there was not a bruise or wound of any kind on the body.

The man breathed, and it seemed possible that he might recover if he escaped concussion of the brain.

Having done everything possible for his comfort and well-being, attention was turned to a close examination of the place, and everything concerned, in hopes of finding something that would explain the murderous attack on Dr. Dean.

Encouraged by the knowledge that his husband still lived, Mrs. Dean had

recovered her composure, and was able to state quite clearly the little she knew of the affair, in compliance with the somewhat pompous request of the chief of police, who felt that his hour had come.

"It was late," she began. "And I came home in a great hurry; it was so dark that I could not see distinctly across the street. I hurried in and lighted the lamps, wondering where Mr. Dean could be. The children I did not expect home until after tea at their auntie's; the girl should have been here, but was not. Mr. Dean, I knew, had some work he was anxious to finish, and it was a surprise to me to find the house dark and no one about."

"Did you see or hear anything at all unusual on the street, or about the house or yard as you came in?" asked the chief of police.

All felt that it was a very serious occasion indeed, and they crowded closer and listened with intense interest, the reporter's pencils flying, as Mrs. Dean answered.

"No, I noticed nothing unusual about the place, except that the lamps had not been lighted."

"Did you meet any one who might have come from here?" he asked. "I met no one on this street," she answered, and then went on with her story. "After lighting the lamps I went into the kitchen and found the outside door open."

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated the chief, knowingly. "Outside door open? Was it wide open?" he asked.

The bank president frowned at the interruption. "Yes," said Mrs. Dean. "It was wide open; that was strange, and I felt that something was wrong. I called Mr. Dean several times, but got no answer, so I ran out into the back yard and found him stretched out on the ground," she faltered a little at recollection of the dreadful sight, but rallied immediately.

"It was lighter on the west side of the house, and Mr. Dean had on his gray clothes, and so I saw him quite plainly at once. He was lying on his back, the blood had streamed down over his face and I thought he was dead—and I began to scream—and to try and lift him up. He was so limp and helpless that I grew more frightened at touching him, and I thought I would faint before any one came. It seemed so long that I called and called for help before anybody heard me. Just for an instant I couldn't think what had happened, and then I knew that some one had murdered him, or tried to," and she paused, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"If you had been obliged to search the back premises for Mr. Dean you would very likely have discovered some trace of the assassin, but coming upon him at once in that condition the shock and excitement would, of course, render it impossible for you to observe the surroundings carefully," said the chief. "It is my opinion that the murderer heard you coming and made off down the alley."

"And I am sure he ran up the alley, as he could more quickly get in hiding behind the business houses," said the bank president positively and added: "Very likely he slipped around and came down into the crowd."

The chief sniffed a little as he replied: "He would have to have a great deal of nerve to do that. Anyhow, it is plain that he was frightened away before he accomplished his object, as the contents of Mr. Dean's pockets were not disturbed."

"His object was to obtain possession of the keys, of course," said the bank president, twirling the bunch in his fingers.

The servant girl, when she was examined, stated, with much incoherence, that she had stepped out to see a friend a couple of blocks away for a few moments; stayed longer than she meant to and was still away when Mr. Dean came in; that as she was hurrying home she saw a man come out of the alley and cross the street and a few seconds after she heard Mrs. Dean's screams.

The chief rubbed his hands and cast a triumphant glance at the bank president, as he said: "The very man! He ran down the alley and was making for that string of old sheds and stables. I am seldom mistaken in my surmises, and the man whom I sent out to search in that direction will probably bring him in."

The girl's testimony was very important and she was looked at with interest as one who had seen the murderous villain. Questioned closely, it was found that she could not give a description of him; that he was almost on a run and held his head down; that he made across the street diagonally and was at least a half block from her, and she could tell nothing as to the color of his hair, eyes or clothing.

The men, presently returning, did not bring him in; had found no trace of him, and nothing had been discovered to give them a clue, though the whole place and the alley behind the store buildings had been very carefully searched.

The bank president grew impatient. It seemed to him that the miscreant might have been found at once had it been rightly managed.

"We must have a strong guard at the bank to-night," he remarked to one of the directors as they wended their way thither, the chief accompanying them. "I am satisfied that the fellow who attacked Mr. Dean was only one of a gang who have planned to rob the bank, and they may try it yet, although he failed to get the keys. He ought to have been taken before this."

The chief was nettled and interposed hotly.

"You intimate, sir, that carelessness and incompetency on our part has allowed him to escape. I can assure you that no one could have been more prompt and thorough in the search than we have. The depots are watch-

ed and every spot where a fugitive could be lurking has been, or is now being, overhauled."

"Oh, of course, Jenkins," the bank president answered. "You are doing as well as you know how, I suppose; but this is beyond the common town police. I shall telegraph to the city for a good detective at once."

"You can do as you please," snapped the chief, in high dudgeon. "Certainly," answered the president, blandly.

Such a bold attempt at crime had never before been made in the quiet town, and it was excited beyond measure. The Morning News, being the only morning paper in the place, had a big scoop on its several evening rivals, and made the most of it. Column after column was filled with the stories of different people, narrating all that was known, suspected or imagined, and it sold like hot cakes.

The city detective arrived early and excited much interest and comment, but like the great man that he was, he preserved a dignified reserve and silence.

The physician who had cared for Mr. Dean through the night reported him as much better; that he had passed from unconsciousness into natural sleep, and would probably awaken rational and able to give an account of the attempt on his life. The detective requested the privilege of being present (out of sight, of course, as a strange face might excite him) when Mr. Dean rallied enough to be questioned.

The night had passed quietly as far as the bank was concerned. A number of arrests had been made and suspicious characters were reported as having been seen on all sides.

It is surprising how after-events will clear the mental vision. Many remembered distinctly the villainous appearance of men whom they had observed slouching along the streets. The detective had made known nothing of his mind on the case, except to intimate that he should probably telegraph for several men from his force in the city, and his manner only served to strengthen the air of mystery that brooded over the place.

People looked at each other with questioning eyes, as if wondering if some of their own townspeople might not prove to be implicated in the affair. It was supposed by everyone that Mr. Dean had seen enough of his assailant to be able to identify him if known, or describe him if a stranger, and business was almost suspended in the anxiety and eagerness all felt when it was whispered about that he had awakened rational.

Only the officers of the law and the bank president were admitted to the room adjoining the one where Mr. Dean lay. After uneasy movements, partially arousing and drifting off to sleep again, he had finally opened his eyes and looked about. Noticing the doctor, he said:

"Why, doctor, you here?"

The doctor merely nodded, watching him closely as he rubbed his eyes again, felt his head and then exclaimed:

"Oh, I remember now! This is tomorrow, is it not?"

"Yes, this is tomorrow," the doctor answered. "How do you feel now?"

"All right," he answered, promptly, and then added, smiling, "but that blow was a swinge, wasn't it?"

The listeners, out of sight, craned their necks and strained their ears to catch every word. He seemed to come suddenly to a full understanding, for he said, quickly:

"Why, I must have been pretty badly stunned to lie so all night. Were you frightened, Alice?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, yes," she answered, almost in tears; "I thought the wretch had killed you."

"Who?" he asked, then added:

"There was no one."

"There, never mind," said the doctor, soothingly. "Drink this and don't get excited."

Though everybody was aching to hear what he had to say about the assassin, they feared the abrupt way in which Mrs. Dean had mentioned him would retard matters.

"Ought to have been led up to very carefully," muttered the detective.

"I am not excited," said Mr. Dean to the doctor. "But I want to know what my wife meant. Is it supposed that somebody attacked me with an ax?"

"Certainly," said the doctor, seeing that the truth would be the best. "And he very nearly killed you, too. Can you tell us who he was or what he was like?"

In their eagerness the listeners edged inside the door. Mr. Dean lay and laughed; then catching sight of the bank president, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Akers. You here, too?"

"Yes," said the president, "we are anxious to know all you can tell us about it—what he was like, what he said and if he let out anything about the gang—"

The doctor put up his hand. "Don't hurry him," he said. "Take your time, Mr. Dean."

Mr. Dean laughed again as he said:

"There was no one here but myself; positively no one."

"But you were struck a murderous blow by someone. Don't you remember?" said the rather impatient president.

"Nobody struck me at all. I did it myself," said Mr. Dean, flatly.

There was a sensation.

He doesn't know what he is saying. He is not rational," said someone.

Mr. Dean looked at the blank faces and put out his hand, saying:

"You will find my pulse quiet, doctor. I have no fever. I know very well what I am saying. I remember how it happened."

"He certainly is all right," said the doctor. "Tell us about it, Dean," he continued.

"I usually split wood a while for exercise after coming home from the bank. There was no one at home, and

I left the kitchen door open, meaning to carry in a big armful. I got hold of a particularly tough stick and I was bound to split it. I swung the ax with all my strength, to fetch a tremendous blow, and it caught on the wire clothes line above me, bounded, turned and came down on my head before I could possibly dodge it. You see how easily that could happen. So easy that I wonder you did not discover it for yourselves," and he laughed again.

Yes, they saw now how easily it could happen. They were convinced. "Well, I'll be blowed!" exclaimed the bank president, slowly, and as they silently dispersed Mr. Dean sent his parting shot after them:

"If I had killed myself I suppose you would have always believed me to have been murdered and would have fastened it upon some poor fellow and punished him for it."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

WHEN THEY MADE TAPE.

The Housewife of Colonial Days Knew This Art with Others.

Among the many household industries of colonial housewives, which included spinning, dyeing, weaving, and candle, soap, pen, ink, wine, glove, shoe and lace manufacture, was the making of tape, though this was considered of minor importance, says a writer in the Philadelphia Press. The preparation for weaving tape on the small hand loom was the same as for making yards of linen cloth on the great looms that stood in the weaving room attached to the kitchen of colonial farmhouses.

The flax when harvested was "rippled" on the field, the rippler being a large comb fastened on a plank. The flax was beaten on the comb to remove the capsules containing the seeds. Then it was "rotted" to make the fiber soft and flexible. This was generally accomplished by laying it beneath the waters of the meadow brook or pond. Some colonial farmers laid it on the ground for the winter's snow to render it fit for the scutcher, the machine that whipped out all the particles of bark and stalk adhering to the fiber.

The next and last process before it was ready for the spinning-wheel was hackling, to straighten the flax, free it from tangles, and bring it to the required fineness. This was done by a very primitive machine called the "hatchet," an immense comb, whose long teeth were set perpendicularly in a board.

The operation of hackling required much skill, and this part of the long preparation was particularly women's work, as it needed delicacy of touch. After the flax was hackled it was carefully sorted, according to the degrees of fineness. This process was called "spreading and drawing." Then it was ready to be wrapped in its soft, fluffy fineness, about the spindle.

The spinner seated herself at the machine, and soon the "music of the wheel" and the deft fingers of the colonial housewife brought the fiber into long even thread, ready for the small loom and shuttle, to be converted into tape.

The shopper to-day little realizes the long and tedious processes practiced by the woman of colonial times, before she could wind her linen tape into a neat roll for the workbasket's use.

Wars Growing Shorter.

With the exception of the Franco-Prussian war, the greatest war which Europe has seen since the days of Napoleon was the Crimean war, which took place more than forty years ago, and lasted about two years. The campaigns of Napoleon, of course, while they were considered short as compared with some previous wars in Europe, were certainly long as compared with the wars of the past few decades. A distinct movement in the direction of the shorter duration of wars is to be noticed in the past few centuries.

The campaign in the Spanish Netherlands lasted forty-two years. Then followed the thirty-years' war in Europe, ending in the peace of Westphalia. Civil war in England lasted from 1642 to 1660, although hostilities were not in progress all that time. The wars of the Spanish Succession, of the Austrian Succession, the Swedish-Russian war, and the Seven Years' war followed, averaging about ten years apiece. The Napoleonic campaigns covered nearly fifteen years. The Crimean war lasted from 1854 to 1856. In the war of the rebellion, in this country, the world saw the latest war which extended over four years of time.

Since 1865, with the general introduction of the telegraph, the electric cable, and the modern system of railways, war has become a matter of a few months at most. In 1866 Prussia defeated Austria in seven weeks. Prussia defeated France in about two months. The war between Russia and Turkey began in April, 1877, and was practically finished by the close of that year. The war between China and Japan began about midsummer, 1894, and ended in March, 1895. The present war between Turkey and Greece seems to be practically ended in about four weeks from the outbreak of formal hostilities. It seems to be shown by experience that two important civilized nations in these days of telegraph and railway cannot conduct wars for any length of time unless the contending countries are separated by the ocean or some other natural barrier.

The Cause.

Visitor (in Ruralville)—This is a very pleasant and homelike place, and I cannot understand why so many families should have moved away from it during the last few months, as you say.

Native—You haven't heard our young ladies' brass band yet.—Judge.

It probably pleases every man to receive a letter which speaks of encroaching on his "valuable time."

STATUE OF AVEROFF.

How the Greek Patriot and Millionaire Is to Be Honored.

George Averoff, the Greek patriot and millionaire, has been honored as few men, except kings, have been honored during the term of their lives. A statue of him has been raised in Athens. It was erected to him about a year ago, and recalls the ancient times when men were deified even while they lived. For M. Averoff is regarded as an ideal in Greece and is almost worshipped in Alexandria, where he lives. All this



STATUE OF GEORGE AVEROFF.

has come about because of his immense charities, which are as unostentatious as they are generous. This statue was raised by popular subscription in Athens, and was unveiled by Prince Constantine, the crown prince of Greece and Duke of Sparta, in April, last year. The ceremonies were impressive, and were attended by great crowds of the Athenians. When the war broke out with Turkey M. Averoff presented 40,000 uniforms to the Greek army, and the Crown Prince sent him a letter of thanks by a special messenger. Later Averoff donated a few million dollars to the war fund of Greece. Averoff is a native of Greece, who, in his boyhood, went to Russia and Russianized his name. The start of his immense fortune was made with his uncle, who was a Russian merchant. The young Greek inherited \$500,000, and increased it many times by making contracts with the Government to provision the Russian army in the war twenty years ago with the Turks. So quiet has been his life that until lately he has been almost unknown.

WILL HAVE MANY MILLIONS.

Miss Isabel Perkins, the Greatest Heiress in Boston.

Miss Isabel Perkins, who was recently married to Larz Anderson, is the greatest heiress in Boston. She only has the interest on \$17,000,000 at the present time, but within a year she will come into possession of this money.



MISS ISABEL PERKINS.

ey. Besides this, she is an only child, and is the heir apparent to her mother's fortune, which amounts to more than \$20,000,000. Miss Perkins is the granddaughter of the late William F. Weld, from whom she inherits the fortune of \$17,000,000, which is held in trust until she becomes of age, which will be next year. The bequest is expected to amount to about \$28,000,000. Her wealth is not, however, her only attraction. She is in every way a pretty and charming girl.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Lighthouse Girl.

Gustav Kobbie writes a paper on "Heroism in the Lighthouse Service" for the Century. Mr. Kobbie says: Several of the violent storms that have whirled over Matineus Rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our lighthouse annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was 17 years old, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matineus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise, and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to "breeze up;" the wind increased to a gale, and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minot's Ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the boulders was a chicken-coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matineus Rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby, solic-

tous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little girl rushed knee-deep through the swirling water, and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over the rock, brought down the old cobble-stone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety; and here they remained, with no sound to greet them from without but the roaring of the wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated, the reach between the rock and Matineus Island was so rough that Captain Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

He Was No Glass-Eater.

It is not always easy to introduce modern improvements without a preliminary course of instruction for the people who are to benefit by them. Dr. James Hutcheson, a physician of much local renown in Lynbrook, Long Island, illustrates this fact by telling a story of one of his patients, who is a fisherman of great shrewdness, but small education.

One of the doctor's favorite prescriptions is compounded of one-half capicum and one-half something else. Like many other country physicians, he dispenses most of his own medicines, and usually keeps a stock on hand of this particular compound, made into pills.

One day he wished to give some of it to the fisherman, but finding that his pills were all gone, he took the equivalent powders and packed them into two-grain capsules. These he handed to the patient, with instructions to take two of them once in so often.

A few days later the man hailed him as he drove by his house. After a little chat the doctor, seeing that he was better, asked if he had taken all the medicine.

"Oh, yes, I took it just as you told me. But my, what hot stuff it is! I never tasted anything quite so hot as that was."

"Yes, it is rather hot," admitted the doctor, not caring to ask any questions, but wondering a little how the man found it out, and how he managed to swallow it if he really did get a good taste of the capicum.

He was about to drive on when the fisherman said: "Hold on a minute and I'll get them little bottles for you. They're no good to me," and stepping into the house he brought out the capsules, uninjured, but empty.

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, as a great light broke in on him. "But why didn't you take the bottles and all, just as they were? That's what I meant you to do."

"Not much!" said the fisherman. "I don't know much about medicine, but you don't get no glass into my in'ards!"

He Was Alive.

The grenadiers of the famous "Old Guard" will never be forgotten in France as long as the memory of brave men shall live in the national heart. But some of them, at least, were as bright as they were brave, as the following trustworthy anecdote bears witness:

One fine morning, after peace had been concluded between France and Russia, the two emperors, Napoleon and Alexander, were taking a short walk, arm in arm, around the palace park at Erfurt. As they approached the sentinel, who stood at the foot of the grand staircase, the man, who was a grenadier of the guard, presented arms. The Emperor of France turned, and pointing with pride to a great scar that divided the grenadier's face, said:

"What do you think, my brother, of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

"And you," answered Alexander, "what do you think of soldiers who can inflict them?"

Without stirring an inch from his position, or changing the expression of his face in the least, the stern old grenadier himself replied, gravely:

"The man who did it is dead."

He Got the Gold.

Banks are so well able to protect themselves that most readers will enjoy the following account of how an unsophisticated customer secured a slight advantage over one of them. We borrow the story from an English paper.

A poor Irishman went to the office of an Irish bank and asked for change in gold for fourteen one-pound Bank of Ireland notes. The cashier at once replied that the Cavan Bank only cashed its own notes.

"Then would ye gie me Cavan notes for these?" asked the countryman, in his simple way.

"Certainly," said the cashier, handing out the fourteen notes as desired.

The Irishman took the Cavan notes, but immediately returned them to the official, saying: "Would ye gie me gold for these, sir?"

And the cashier, caught in his own trap, was obliged to do it.

Queer Lawsuit.

A report of a queer lawsuit comes from Eastkill, a hamlet in the heart of the Catskill Mountains. The plaintiff is Ole Halverson, a Swede, who cultivates a small farm on the mountain side. He is suing Rev. J. G. Remerton, a German Lutheran minister, for damages for christening his baby by a name which was not to his liking. Halverson is a patriotic Swede and wanted the child named after King Oscar. The minister claims that he christened the baby according to the wishes of its mother.

Another Vehicle.

Fuddy—Going to enter the bicycle race? I suppose you will be in the van.
Duddy—More likely I shall be in the ambulance.—Boston Transcript.

Topics & Lines

The largest newspaper circulation in the world is that of the Paris Petit Journal, which averages more than 1,100,000 copies per day.

A chimney weighing nearly 100 tons was recently moved 950 feet at Binghamton, N. Y., on a sled by six men and one horse. The task occupied nine days.

According to the method which is now adopted for reckoning leap years, December, January and February will be the summer months about 720,000 years hence.

The longest distance that a shot has been fired is a few yards more than fifteen miles, which was the range of Krupp's 130-ton steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,600 pounds.

A postoffice clock in Sydney emits an electric flash light, lasting five seconds, every hour during the night, thus enabling those living miles away to ascertain the exact time.

In consequence of the famine numerous bands of brigands have formed in India. Some of them even use artillery. In Lahore a jeweler was robbed of valuables to the amount of \$88,000.

On the state railways in Germany the carriages are painted according to the colors of the tickets of their respective classes. First-class carriages are painted yellow, second-class green, and third-class white.

A Pawtucket, R. I., clergyman recently performed a marriage ceremony on the opera house stage, and, becoming flustered, asked the bride if she was willing to take the groom to be her lawfully wedded wife.

J. M. Howe, of Patton, Pa., is the possessor of a queer freak of nature in the form of a canary bird that was born with only one wing and one foot. It is over three weeks old and is as lively as the rest of its nest mates.

Colonel Frank J. Hecker, of Detroit, Mich., has accepted the design of Sanford White for a marble mausoleum with bronze doors for his family, to be erected in Woodward Lawn cemetery, Detroit, at a cost of at least \$40,000.

The stock interests of Western Nebraska have received such an impetus during the last three months that the dealers are looking forward to a permanent improvement. But no revival of the cattle king era is expected.

A landlord is under arrest in Baltimore for threatening to have an evicted tenant arrested for larceny if he did not give up the key to the premises. It seems such a threat is now a criminal act in Maryland under a law passed in 1896.

The expenses of Great Britain are now about \$500,000,000 yearly, or nearly \$1,000 per minute, but every tick of the clock represents an inflow of a little over \$16 into the British treasury, thus leaving an annual surplus of about \$20,000,000.

It is said that a Kentuckian who recently spent six weeks in Washington in what finally proved to be a successful effort to have his wife appointed to a small postoffice actually paid out more money for expenses than the office yields in a whole year.

Electric lighting will cost New York City \$1,250,000 this year. Philadelphia will spend \$647,000 for the same purpose; Brooklyn, \$360,000; Washington, D. C., and St. Paul, Minn., \$175,000 each; St. Louis and San Francisco, \$100,000 each; and Buffalo about \$125,000.

A bill is before the Florida Legislature which proposes that the State assume control of all oyster beds created by planting, and that they be leased out to the highest bidder for a certain number of years, for the purpose of propagating and gathering the oysters.

From many points in Kansas come reports of the ravages of the canker worm, one of the most troublesome pests known to orchardists. The agricultural college, however, has given timely advice to the farmers as to how to get rid of the pest, and the result is that the worms make no headway.

A Baltimore paper comments on the fact that the use of sailing vessels is increasing. They are coming into vogue again, especially for heavy materials which may as well be a month as a week on the ocean. For a time steam supplanted sails, but the demand for cheaper freights is supplanting steam in turn.

New Orleans people are speaking rather derisively of their City Council, which recently refused to appropriate \$350 for much-needed crosswalks to enable the public to cross dry shod, and at the same session appropriated that amount of money for fans and other aids to their own comfort at their meetings.

The costliest macadam on record once paved the streets of Kimberley, South Africa. The celebrated roadbed was studded with diamonds and hundreds of valuable gems were taken from it. A peddler, thirty years ago, while hawking his wares from farmhouse to farmhouse, found a shining stone by the wayside, and, thinking it might be of some value, sent it to a geologist, who at once recognized it as a fine diamond. That was the beginning of the great Kimberley diamond mines.

Through the Nile Rapids. Voyages down the Nile through the rapids are undertaken only by the special boats which are made for the purpose in the Sudan. About ten per cent. are smashed on the voyage, and that the percentage of deaths is not equally high is simply due to the matchless swimming powers of the Nubian boatmen. Even when they are

dashed by the waves against a rock, they do not always drown. A. E. Brehm in "From North Pole to Equator" describes one of these descents.

At length each skipper orders his men to their posts. "Let go the sail!" he shouts. "Row, men, row—row in the name of Allah, the All-Merciful!" Then he strikes up a song with an ever-recurring refrain in which the men join.

Slowly the bark gains the middle of the stream; quicker and quicker it glides onward; in a few minutes it is rushing more swiftly than ever among the rocky islands above the rapid. More and more quickly the oars dip into the turbid flood; the men are naked to the loins, and the sweat pours down their bodies as they strain every muscle.

Praise and blame, flattery and reproaches, promises and threats, blessings and curses, fall from the skipper's mouth according as the boat fulfills or disappoints his wishes.

"Bend to your oars; work, work, my sons; display your prowess; do honor to the prophet, all ye faithful! Larboard, I say, ye dogs, ye children of dogs, ye grandchildren and great-grandchildren and litter of dogs, ye Christian, ye heathen! Better, better, better yet, ye cowards, ye strengthless, ye sapless! Help us, help us, O, Mohammed!"

The rocks on both sides seem to whirl round; the surge floods the deck, and its thunder drowns every order. Unresisting, the frail craft is borne to the neck of rock—the dreadful spot is behind the stern, the foaming backwash has saved the imperiled boat, and it sweeps on without answering to the rudder, on to a formidable waterfall.

A wild cry from the boatmen, and all throw themselves flat on the deck and hold on like grim death; a deafening crash and an overwhelming rush of hissing, gurgling waves; for the space of a moment the water is over all, and then the boat gives a leap upward; they have passed the cataract and escaped the jaws of death.

Had to Pay Poll Tax.

Jed Carlton, of Carlton and Lord's Comedians, while sauntering about the office of a Yankton newspaper a few days ago, had his attention attracted to a large map of the United States. He gazed at it searchingly for a moment, and, placing his finger upon the southern border of Arizona, ran the finger along the map until it rested on the dot marked Nogales.

"There she is, by gum," said he to a reporter. "Just across the street from where my finger rests is Mexico. Nogales is a decidedly torrid municipality. The authorities there owe me \$60, but I presume I shall never collect it. They made me pay \$2 poll tax for every member of my company, before I had been in the town twenty-four hours or in the State ten days. It was Western justice with all the flourishes and furbelows, and it is needless to say that I'll be missed from Nogales hereafter. I went there from Benson, Ariz., three years ago, and just before show time I was standing on the street. A man approached me and asked: 'Have you paid your poll tax?'"

"How much?" asked I.

"Two dollars," he responded.

"Then I tried to bluff him, and told him I had paid. 'Lemme see yer receipt,' he said.

"And there I was. Well, the upshot of the whole matter was, he went to every member of the company and demanded poll tax. I told them not to pay; that I would stand them a law suit on the issue. I hired a lawyer, the case was tried and decided against me. It cost me exactly \$60. I told the justice that pretty soon they would be grabbing men off passing trains and making them pay poll tax."

"Well," he remarked in tones as chilly as though he was full of cracked ice and salt, "we kin do it if we wanter."

"No Fish."

Fine as are the salmon of Newfoundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis' "Caribou Shooting in Newfoundland" will show:

Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir."

Presently when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horizon, he saw, not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a swish of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish."

"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

On Their Shirt Waists.

"I presume," said the talkative man to his seat mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation you have family ties."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "I s'pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy 'em for myself, but my wife and the girls all wear 'em whenever they feel like it."—Washington Star.

Time, which vindicates a man, first buries him.

FAIR SOUTH WOMEN.

TALENTED OFFICERS OF THE NASHVILLE EXPOSITION.

The Women's Department, of Which These Ladies Are the Head, Is One of the Most Admired Features of the Big Show.

Are Leaders All.

One of the most admired features of the Tennessee centennial exposition is the woman's department. In a picturesque building, which is an exact reproduction of Andrew Jackson's celebrated Hermitage, elegantly furnished and decorated, they have an exhibit



THE WOMAN'S FOUNTAIN.

it, wherein is shown progress of woman's work, along artistic and educational lines, not only in Tennessee but in all parts of the world. The exhibit has been collected by systematic and organized effort on the part of Tennessee women, to which work none have

uated five miles from Nashville, is one of the most complete and beautiful country seats in the South, and here a generous hospitality has ever been dispensed.

Miss Ada Scott Rice is one of the women who make an instantaneous good impression on those who meet them, and the impression always lasts. She is a graduate of Ward's Seminary, the Vassar of the South, and her well-trained mind makes her a valuable officer. She has written numerous sprightly articles for the daily and weekly papers, in addition to performing her arduous duties as secretary. She lives at Nashville.

Mrs. Robert Forde Weakley is prominent in social circles and is ever engaged at the same time in works of charity, being one of the most indefatigable laborers in any cause which appeals to humanity. She was Miss Margaret Johnson, of Memphis, and married Robert F. Weakley, a leading business man. She now lives at Nashville.

Mrs. Charles N. Grosvenor, the vice president for West Tennessee, is a Memphis lady, a daughter of Napoleon Hill, of that city. She graduated with honors from Higbee School of Memphis, and later spent some time in Mrs. Reed's school in New York, pursuing special lines of culture. She has fine literary tastes, is a social leader, and closely connected with the club life of her native city. She is president of the Woman's Council of Memphis, the largest organization of women in the South, and occupies responsible positions in several other clubs and associations. Mrs. Grosvenor is petite in figure, has a piquant face, dark hair, and large expressive eyes of gray. Her manner is characterized by vivacity and grace.

Dr. Webb's Locomotive Searchlight.

Persons who happened to be in the Union Station yard last night about 10:30 were struck with the unusual brilliancy of the place. The reason for

COAL MINE RUN BY WOMEN.

Athletic Sisters Who Can Farm and Do Housework as Well as Dig Coal.

A coal mine run by women is an innovation in America. In sections of Germany, England and Wales it is a common thing for women to work in and about coal mines, although of late years this custom has been almost abolished in Wales.

In the Mahoney Valley, several miles southwest of Shamokin, Pa., lives Joseph Maus, a native of Germany, who is owner and operator of a coal mine. His four grown daughters and three younger girls help him in operating the colliery. Their father considers them



MARIE MAUS.

the best slate pickers and workers in the anthracite region. He finds them dutiful, cheerful workers, and he never has any fears of their going on strikes for higher wages or from any imaginary grievances.

Mr. Maus superintends the mine and works at cutting out the coal. The oldest daughter, Katie, 22 years of age, performs the duties usually assigned to an outside foreman. She supervises the running of the breaker in a very satisfactory manner, and attends to selling the coal to the hundreds of farmers who live in the valley. Mary, 21 years old, has charge of the mules

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

Something that Will Interest the Juvenile Members of Every Household—Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

The Jumping-Off Place.

Out in the dooryard one morning at play four little rascals planned running away. "There's little to see," they said, "where we are."

And the end of the earth can't be very far. We will go," they cried, with a smile on each face, "And go till we come to the jumping-off place."

"Tis plain to be seen," said 5-year-old Will, "That the jumping-off place is yonder high hill."

And to this opinion the others agreed. Said they: "The sight will be fine, indeed." So Robbie and Willie and Maggie and Grace

All hurried away to the jumping-off place.

'Twas down through the meadow, with clover bloom red, With shouts and with laughter, the run—always sped;

Then up past the orchard, the church and the mill, They skipped till they came to the top of the hill;

But, being intent on a spirited race, They all tumbled over the jumping-off place.

That night when the Telescope Man scanned the sky He cried out, "The land snakes!" and likewise, "Oh, my!"

He stared, in surprise and astonishment great, And stood on one foot and rubbed his bald pate;

For there 'mid the stars still traversing space

Were the rogues who had tumbled from the jumping-off place.

—Arthur J. Burdick, in Chicago Record.

Cyclone Drills in Kansas.

Fire drill is a great event in every Chicago school, but out in Kansas there isn't so much danger from fire as from cyclones, and so the pupils in the public schools are treated to cyclone drills. And very exciting they are, too. When the alarm is sounded all the children rise to their feet, and to the music of a march played on the piano they parade out of the schoolhouse in good order and make for the nearest open space in the prairie to escape the flying timbers of the buildings, treetops and other objects, as the cyclone sweeps them to the ground. Of course it is not altogether safe even on the prairie, and so Kansas people are discussing the advisability of building cyclone cellars under each of their schoolhouses. Then when the alarm comes the children can be marched downstairs, where they will find protection, even if the wind carries the building entirely away.

Lifting a Kettle of Hot Water.

Some time when the tea-kettle is bubbling and boiling on the kitchen range lift it quickly by its handle and set it in the open palm of your other hand. This sounds like a very foolhardy thing to do—as if your hand might be blistered in a twinkling. But you will find that you can hold the tea-kettle which has just come from a roaring fire for some little time without hurting you. Try it, and then see if you can tell the reason why you are not burned.

This little experiment may be tried to the very great astonishment of your friends who may happen to be present. They will think you have certainly lost your senses or that you are deliberately attempting suicide, while you remain as calm as can be. Be sure, however, that the water is boiling strongly before you try the experiment.

An International Postage Stamp.

Supposing you were to write a letter to some business firm in Canada and wanted an answer very much, indeed. If the firm was in this country you could inclose a postage stamp and ask for a reply, but going to Canada, a United States postage stamp would be of no use and you would have to depend upon the courtesy of the Canadian firm.

This fact has led many prominent people, who are interested in a better postal service, to recommend a universal postage stamp, which could be bought in any civilized country and used in any other country. In this way all sorts of foreign business would be greatly helped, and the stamp collectors would have a new set of stamps for their collections. The plan was brought before the recent international postage congress, and it may be adopted before many years have passed.

How the Ostrich Runs.

A writer in the Zoologist, who has been engaged for nine years in ostrich-farming in South Africa, Conwright Schreiner, corrects a prevalent misconception concerning the manner in which these great birds run. It is generally stated that, when running, the ostrich spreads out its wings, and thus skims lightly along the ground, but, according to Mr. Schreiner, this is not correct. "When a bird really settles itself to run," he says, "it holds its head lower than usual, and a little forward, with a deep loop in the neck. The neck vibrates sinuously, but the head remains steady, thus enabling the bird, even at top speed, to look around with an unshaken glance in any direction. The wings lie along the sides about on a level with, or a little lower than, the back, and are held loosely just free of the plunging thigh. There is no attempt to hold them extended, or to derive any assistance from them as organs of flight."

If you have anything left to shed, shed it now.



EIGHT WOMEN WHO HAVE BEEN ACTIVE IN MAKING THE TENNESSEE EXPOSITION A SUCCESS.

contributed more than Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman, president of the Woman's Department; Miss Ada Scott Rice, Secretary; Mrs. Robert F. Weakley, Treasurer, and Mrs. Charles W. Grosvenor, Vice President for Western Tennessee. These women are not only foremost among exposition workers, but are also leaders in the social, literary and club life of the South.

Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman comes from an old and honored Tennessee family. Her grandfather, Hon. Jacob Thompson, was a member of President Buchanan's Cabinet. The first four years of her life were spent in Cuba, and thereafter, until her marriage, she lived at Memphis. In that city she received her early education under the Episcopal Sisters of St. Mary, pursuing later a course of study at Fairmont College. At the age of 16 she was sent abroad for the completion of her education. Two years spent at school in Paris were supplemented by a year of

which hoist the coal from the interior of the mine by an old-fashioned gin. Anne, who is a pretty good mechanic, runs the pump that keeps the mine from filling up with water and feeds the boiler and engine that operates the machinery. Lizzie is the slate picker boss and is assisted by her three younger sisters and little brothers in clearing the coal of slate as it passes down the chutes into the storage pockets.

These energetic young women are fine specimens of womanhood and are stronger than the average man. They are almost six feet in height, and well proportioned, erect and weigh on an average of 200 pounds. They do not confine their muscles and lungs in corset and lace then into eighteen-inch waists, with the assistance of the bedpost, previous to going to work, and they are satisfied with the fine physical perfections with which nature has endowed them and are content to let nature have her sway which keeps them in perfect health and strength. They have never known a day's illness in their lives and a visit from a doctor is an unknown experience.

A MONUMENT OF LOVE.

Story of the Building of the Famous Moorish Palace of the Alhambra.

The Alhambra of Spain has attained a fame equalled by no other palace on earth. This marvelous creation of Moorish fancy is situated in what was in its time one of the strongest and largest fortresses in the world. Capable of containing an army of 40,000 men, it was at once the admiration of the Moors and the dread of the Spaniards. The Moors called it the Maiden Fortress, and had a superstition that when it fell the Moorish power in Spain would come to an end. The belief was justified by the event, for Kal-al-Hamrah, the Red Castle, was the last Moorish stronghold to surrender to the Spaniards, it being given up the year before the discovery of America, and the eight centuries of constant war between the Moors and the Spaniards were brought to a close. The dainty palace within the walls of the huge fortress was the work of Ibn el-Ahmar, and was inspired by his love for his wife, Teleika was her name, some say Zeleika, and others give her various appellations, so she may have had more names than one, but no matter what was her name, she found life in the great fortress rather dull, and, to please her, Ibn el-Ahmar began the elegant palace as a home for her and a refuge for himself from the cares of business and the fatigues of war. It proved too long and expensive an undertaking for his life and pocketbook, but his son and grandson each was boundlessly supplied with wives, whom they were anxious to please, so it was continued by the one and finished by the other in 1314, over sixty years from the time when its foundations were laid.



THE WOMAN'S STATUE.

travel through the principal countries of Europe. Shortly after her return to Memphis she made her debut in society, and from that time was an acknowledged belle throughout the South. At White Sulphur Springs, Old Point Comfort, and the charming resorts of the Carolinas, her unusual beauty and her graceful and winning manners won for her admiration on all sides. In 1896 she was married to Van Leer Kirkman, of Nashville, which city has since been her home. Her husband is one of the State's leading citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkman have three sons, Van Leer Jr., Macon and Anthony Wayne. Their home—Oak Park—sit-

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

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